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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE party leaders have summoned their followers for the meeting of Parliament on Tuesday next, and the first Cabinet Council was held on Thursday. So far as tactics are concerned, the procedure, after the conclusion of the debate on the Address, will probably follow the more normal order of a Session. The necessary financial resolutions and the Budget will be passed in a few days under a strict form of closure. This order is dictated by the necessities of the financial position, which are serious, for the country has already lost heavily through the action of the Lords, and further large borrowings must, if possible, be avoided. But there is no doubt that the Liberal rank and file, passionately attached as it is to the Budget, regards this procedure with real doubt, and thinks that in some measure it qualifies the Albert Hall pledge. The average party man argues that if the Government proceeds with the Budget, it has already "assumed" and "held" office without dealing with the Lords. On the other hand, the pledge exists in substance so long as the Government fully adheres to its policy on the Veto, and produces, without delay, a Bill which embodies it. Judging from Mr. Asquith's speech at the Albert Hall, this measure will closely follow the lines of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Tory Press proposes to substitute for the policy of "Veto First" a policy of "Veto Not At All." The merits of this proposal from the Tory point of view are undeniable. The Government, having survived the elections, would then be its own executioner.

This result would be obtained by a variety of methods, all equally destructive. The Ministry would first confuse its followers in the country by the tactic of changing front in face of the enemy. It would then alienate the Irish and the Labor Party. It would finally produce a Bill extremely complicated, open to criticism from a dozen different points of view, needing months to evolve and several more months to debate. In the end, it would satisfy no one, and would prove to be equally objectionable to the Crown, the Peers, the Commons, the Liberal, the Tory, the Labor, and the Irish Parties. The very few Liberals who urge this course appear to imagine that there is some way of reconciling the opinions of those who desire to strengthen the House of Lords and those who wish to strengthen the House of Commons. For these and other reasons Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman advised the Liberal Party not to touch the question of "reform" until they had settled the question of "veto." His advice was never more pertinent than it is to-day.

* * *

SINCE these lines, and our articles on the situation, were written, something like a thunderbolt has come from Dublin. Mr. Redmond, speaking at a Nationalist dinner at the Gresham Hotel on Thursday night, declared that the Irish Party had fought the election on Home Rule and the veto of the Lords, and that on both these issues there was a majority of 120. He quoted the Albert Hall pledge, and stated that it was "inconceivable" that the Prime Minister would "palter with" it. If he did, the Liberal Party would be driven into the wilderness for twenty years. Unfortunately it had been suggested by the "Westminster Gazette" and "other so-called Liberal organs," that Mr. Asquith should

"pass the Budget and deal with the question of the Veto at some convenient time in future. That is to say, it is seriously suggested that, having won a victory at the polls against the Lords, he should send the Budget back to them with a request to be kind enough to pass it into law. To do so would be to give the whole case against the Lords away. To do so would be to disgust every real democrat in Great Britain and to break openly and unashamedly the clear and explicit pledge on the faith of which, at any rate, Ireland gave her support to the Government. If Mr. Asquith is not in a position to say that he has such guarantees as are necessary to enable him to pass a Veto Bill this year, and proposes to pass the Budget into law and adjourn the veto question, I say that is the policy that Ireland cannot and will not approve."

Mr. Redmond added that he had no reason to suppose that Mr. Asquith would not stand by his guns, and that if he did he would have Ireland unitedly at his back.

* * *

WE cannot affect to be surprised at Mr. Redmond's outburst, or that he should be even more concerned at the tone and language of the "Westminster Gazette" than were the bulk of English Liberals. Nothing, we are afraid, was more likely to suggest that the Liberal Party were prepared to take the course which Mr. Redmond deprecates, to drop the question of the Veto or to exchange that policy for the opposite course of a "reform" of the House of Lords, conducted by agreement

with the Unionist chiefs. This tactic was eagerly adopted by the "Spectator" with marked approval of the line suggested by Liberal "moderates." It happened to involve a plain breach of faith, both with the electorate and with the allies of Liberalism. It was a grave error, and we are sure that the "Westminster" now sees it to be an error.

NEVERTHELESS we cannot regard the situation as lost, or think that Mr. Redmond's words mean that his party will vote against the Budget in alliance with the enemies of Home Rule and the supporters of the Veto. Some regard must be had to the Irish situation, and the spirit of faction which Mr. Redmond has to control. What they do mean is that there can be no paltering with the problem of the Veto, and no delay in producing the Government's plans for dealing with it. The heroic position would be that which both Radicals and the Irish equally desire—namely, a statement from the Prime Minister, on the meeting of Parliament, either that he had obtained assurances on the Veto and would proceed with his Bill, or, not having obtained them, that he had resigned office. The less heroic policy is to proceed with the Veto simultaneously with the Budget, which, after all, not only provides Old Age Pensions, but averts the serious loss to the Irish taxpayer that a continued recourse to loans must involve. We see no great difficulty in such a course, and it is apparently that which Mr. Redmond has in mind. Probably he will not vote for the Budget unless he is satisfied as to the Government going straight on the Veto. But we cannot imagine that he contemplates voting against it.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, speaking as President of the Labor Party's Conference at Newport on Wednesday, re-stated its familiar attitude to Liberalism, with a characteristic emphasis on its "independence." On the question of the Lords, he spoke as a single-Chamber man, saying that the battle against them was peculiarly that of Labor. As Mr. Churchill said, it was the growth of the Labor Party which had stimulated the Lords to set up obsolete claims as a bulwark against the new social advance. He thought that the policy of merely "weakening" the Lords' veto would be a "toying with democracy," said that to deal separately with the legislative and financial veto was to make "two bites at a cherry," and added that the question of whether a reformed Second Chamber should be "elective" or "hereditary" was a mere family quarrel among Liberals. All of which means that the Labor Party will be a propulsive force for the Liberals on the Lords' question, but will work with them against the veto.—On the same day the Irish Party unanimously re-elected Mr. Redmond as their chairman, resolved to exclude members refusing the pledge, and passed a resolution congratulating the Irish League of Great Britain on its success in returning candidates "opposed to the veto of the House of Lords, and in favor of Home Rule."

On Wednesday Mrs. Asquith named and launched the fast river destroyer, "Paramatta," which is to be the first ship of the new Australian Navy. Captain Collins, the representative of the Commonwealth in London, declared at the ceremony that the event marked the end of the conception of a highly centralised Empire with subordinate parts, which is, we may say, the dominant idea of Toryism and Imperialism, and the beginning of free naval co-operation "in times of emergency" between the various self-governing units. This was also the line of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the debates on the

Canadian Navy. The Canadian Premier maintained, against the Opposition, the idea of national defence and the right of the Dominion to decide when its new naval forces shall come to the assistance of the Mother Country. This policy somewhat weakens the central material force of the Imperial Navy. In compensation, it adds greatly to the moral power of the Empire.

THE Labor Party decided in conference on Tuesday to press for a change in the definition of Trade Unions, so as to enable them to make compulsory levies on their members for the purpose of labor representation. Mr. Hardie considered the question as one involving the existence of the Labor Party, and not merely whether its Parliamentary representation should rest on compulsory or voluntary levies. Unions must have power to spend their money in their own way, apart from the general question of payment of members. Should, however, this reform be carried, the need for compulsory levies would cease. The Conference was not quite unanimous, Mr. Clynes declaring for a Parliamentary fund collected by free contributions.

AN admirable criticism of all schemes for "reforming" the Peers appears in the shape of a letter from Mr. Bodley, the greatest living English authority on the French Constitution, in the "Times" of Thursday. Mr. Bodley shows that the creation of a Second Chamber consisting of superior persons was attempted in the National Assembly after the war of 1870, and completely broke down. He also points out that all proposals to represent or discriminate between sects, professions, or institutions are equally open to objection, and adds satirically that the only reform of the Lords with which the democracy are likely to agree is that party leaders should give up the sale of peerages in return for contributions to the party funds. When the question of powers is settled we may, indeed, attempt the problem of the constitution of a Second Chamber. Till then, all efforts to remodel the House of Lords must break down on disputes as to who shall elect it, or who shall be elected to it, or how it shall be elected.

THE official proposals for the reform of the Prussian franchise give the measure of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's quasi-Liberalism. Prince Bülow himself could have done no worse. There is to be no redistribution of seats, though the anomalies are now too flagrant even for satire. There is also to be no secret ballot—the Government will not abandon its power to coerce Civil servants. The three-class system remains, according to which the taxpayers in the first and second classes have, in the aggregate, twice the voting power of those in the third class, who outnumber them in the ratio of twelve to three. There is, indeed, a new method of reckoning votes by percentages, which in no way affects the preponderance of the first two classes. The one concession is that certain categories of citizens, graduates, meritorious civil servants, officers, and elected persons may be "promoted" to a class for which their property would not alone qualify them. The ascendancy of mere wealth is to be reinforced by the accomplishments and the virtues. It remains to be seen whether the Prussian Diet will endorse this humorous essay in reform. There seems to be some prospect that the Centre may join the "Radicals" and the Socialists in demanding at least the secret ballot. On the other hand, it is a little doubtful whether the so-called National Liberals will in that case consent to act with the Centre. The three-class system in any event is safe.

SPAIN has passed during the week through a Cabinet crisis of which the origins are clearer as yet than the consequences. Señor Moret, at the head of a somewhat divided Liberal Party, supported by Republicans and Socialists, tried to revive the anti-clerical policy which was defeated in 1906. He successfully restored the lay schools which had been totally suppressed. He next attempted the bolder task of revising the Concordat in obedience to French precedents. The Vatican haughtily refused to negotiate, but made a direct personal appeal to the King. It is said that he gave the correct constitutional answer, blamed the Papal Nuncio for his refusal to negotiate, vindicated the right of Spain in these circumstances to legislate freely in her own interests, and left the responsibility for their future policy with his Ministers. If this were all, it would be difficult to understand Señor Moret's resignation. But apparently there was simultaneously a revolt among the more aristocratic Liberals. We are not clear, however, whether its motive was sympathy with the Church; it seems to have based itself on hostility to Señor Moret's Republican and Socialist allies. The result has been a fresh Liberal "concentration," with Señor Canalejas as Premier, and Marshal Lopez Domingues as his most conspicuous colleague. Both of them were in the past leading anti-clericals. We do not profess to understand what has happened. We are told that the Vatican has been defeated, yet its responsible enemy has been overthrown. The moderates have upset the Government, yet the new Premier has a past which no moderate can well admire.

THE expectation that United South Africa would begin its career under a Coalition Ministry has now been sharply dispelled. Mr. Merriman in a public speech has dismissed the idea with the sharpest emphasis. The idea of a coalition, he declared, could have been hatched only in Throgmorton Street. "My idea of a Progressive," he went on to say, with that slightly acid wit which the duller people in South Africa have always resented and dreaded, "is a man who is fond of borrowing money, wants to imitate Australia, and has one eye on South Africa and one eye on the English Stock Exchange." It is probable that the Transvaal Dutch were originally in favor of a less definite policy. Critics point out that General Botha, though he happened to be at the Cape, was not chosen to make this declaration. General Smuts in a later speech has attempted to tone it down. But it is clear that the new Parliament will be chosen after a conflict on the ordinary party lines.

THE unfortunate Persian Nationalists are at their wits' ends to rid themselves of the Russian troops, which are still, to the number of over three thousand, camped at various points on Persian soil. Their occupation is by no means passive. Punitive expeditions are not infrequent, and the individual Cossack is accused of maltreating Persian civilians. Every rascal in the country, so say the Persian newspapers, has hoisted the Russian flag over his house, and under that symbol defies the law. The Mejliss has questioned the Foreign Secretary on his failure to bring about the withdrawal of the Russian forces. The unhappy man had no answer to give—it is only too obvious that there are no cards which even the adroitest patriot could play—and an adverse vote forced him to resign. Russian opinion is pleased to regard this pathetic protest as a challenge.

WE discuss the new Indian Press Law elsewhere, but we are glad to note that the debate in the Legislative Council was closed by a speech from Lord Minto an-

nouncing the release of the nine British subjects who, fourteen months ago, were deported from their homes in Bengal without being informed of the offence they were supposed to have committed. The Governor-General, in stating the decision of the Indian Government, declared that the position had changed, and that the political movement with which these prisoners were connected had degenerated into an "anarchical plot," with which it could not be supposed that they were connected. It is hard to think that there was no relation between the deportations and the degeneracy in Indian political propaganda of which the Viceroy complains. If there was no such connection, the law of agitation in India follows a different course from that which it follows elsewhere. For the future, at least, we hope that no subjects of the King in India will be deprived of their liberty save through the sentence of a Court of Justice.

THE "Spectator," in its last issue, chose to express its disbelief in the charges of intimidation of rural voters brought forward in these columns and elsewhere, apparently on the ground that as the writer, when a Liberal, investigated one such charge and found it false, he now, having become a Tory, discredits them all. The question, of course, is one of evidence, and of the wish and capacity to receive and weigh evidence. But in this matter we have some tolerable guides to the truth. Intimidation and attempts to undermine the secrecy of the ballot are alleged by almost every Liberal member and candidate we have met or corresponded with. Intimidation, conveyed in the form of written threats and warnings to dependents, has been openly practised by great territorial magnates like the Duke of Sutherland. Intimidation in the shape of the withdrawal of custom has been admitted and defended by one of the most active of Tory propagandists, whose work should be specially dear to the "Spectator's" heart.

THIS gentleman, by name Mr. Millar, and by occupation the Secretary of the Liberty and Property Defence League, urged the boycotting of Liberal tradesmen by their Tory customers. Their politics, he said, could be ascertained through the local Conservative agent, and "heads of households" in "transferring their custom" should openly give a political reason. Interviewed by the "Morning Leader," Mr. Millar stated that he "knew" from statements made to him by "many Conservative property owners," that "the withdrawal of custom from Liberal tradesmen has been practised largely." "At my own place in Norfolk," he added, "a friend came to me and asked me where I got my groceries. I did not know, but found out and told him. 'Oh, but that won't do,' he said; 'he's a wrong 'un—a Radical.'" Is this intimidation, or only "moral influence"? The "Spectator" might examine the question.

WE much regret to record the death of Mr. J. Allanson Picton, who was a frequent contributor to the correspondence columns of THE NATION. Many who do not remember Mr. Picton as a Congregational minister, or even as a Radical member for Leicester, will have been attracted by his brilliant book, "The Mystery of Matter." But his resignation from the ministry of the Congregational Church, and his plea for a non-dogmatic basis for church membership, were sensations of more than thirty years ago, and formed one of the many landmarks of the advance to a broader spirit in Free Church theology and criticism. Mr. Picton's earlier book remained his best, but his "Life of Oliver Cromwell" contains some admirable and eloquent writing.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

"As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a Reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with a mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen—be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."—*Sydney Smith on the Lords in 1832.*

WHAT is it in Liberals that makes their opponents take them for abnormally simple folk? Is it their appearance or their character? Ought we to welcome such an attitude as a moral tribute, or to resent it on the ground that it is anything but an intellectual compliment? Certainly, when our leaders are asked by the "Times" in every other issue, or by the "Spectator," with weekly iteration, not merely to learn from a beaten enemy, but to take their policy and tactics from him, we must assume either that these journals imagine that a new race of Liberal statesmen has arisen, owning no kinship to the virile stock of Bright and Gladstone, or that the ties of honor which bind even the robber chieftain to his "band" have no force as applied to a leader fresh from such a token of confidence as North Britain has given Mr. Asquith. These disinterested counsels are various in form, but they have a single purpose. They suggest that Mr. Asquith is relieved from all obligation to follow the path traced by his predecessor, in the marking out of which he played a leading part. They hint that if he is absolved from adopting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's principles, he is equally free to desert his own. They advise that the thoughts and plans of three years should go for nothing, or be switched on to the opposite track, and the King, the Lords, and the Commons presented with a new issue, which has little or no relevance to the elections. Next, the Prime Minister is invited to contemplate the weakness of his Parliamentary position. The majority is composite, and unstable; Mr. Hardie may be trusted to upset it, or, if not Mr. Hardie, then Mr. Healy; if not Mr. Healy, then Mr. Redmond. While Mr. Asquith is invited to destroy his party, he is not offered a substitute. He may enter on the "reconstruction" of the House of Lords, on the lines recommended by "A Peer," or "Another Peer," in the columns of the "Times," but let him and Sir Edward Grey beware of anything like "elective" "re-

construction." Thus does Toryism, flattered by the history of the last four years, please itself with the dream that, whether in office or in opposition, it will always remain in power.

Such criticism seems especially insulting to a character so loyal and a mind so steady as Mr. Asquith's, and there is only one aspect of it which deserves consideration. The majority is composite. Mr. Asquith has to deal with the political problem which has faced every German Chancellor since Bismarck, and to adapt his tactics to those on which most European Prime Ministers conduct their Ministries. He has to treat with three separate political organisations, united for certain definite purposes, not entirely united on others. There is no reason to suppose that this is a passing phenomenon in our politics. Exceptional circumstances—the Home Rule split, the South African War, the Tory disruption of 1906—banished it for a few years; but it has recurred, and will recur, for it is an inevitable and general consequence of Western as of British democracy. It betokens no weakening of the essential fibre of Liberalism, which remains both in ability and in governing force the predominant partner of the alliance, and the shaping element in its policy. So long as Home Rule and the organisation of industrial democracy remain unsettled questions, and the three parties agree in the main on their solution, there is a natural and stimulating character in such an association. But in fact the union which binds Liberalism to Nationalism and the Labor Party is direct and simple. It may not be a union for all purposes, but it is emphatically a union on the issue submitted to the electors. In other words, it represents a compact to get rid of the absolute veto of the House of Lords. So, while the Government maintains its own line of battle, it may treat its allies with the measure of confidence which it extends to its more regular followers, and will receive an answering measure of support. Such a degree of co-operation does imply the mutual communication of plans and methods. There is nothing unusual, nothing undignified, in such a "way of life"; it does not suggest the implied falsity under which Mr. Balfour for two years "led" a party acutely divided between Free Trade and Protection, while he gave each faction the impression that he was its friend.

These are tactical issues; but we shall underestimate the strength of the majority if we fail to reckon the impressive moral force which created and sustains it. Behind the Government which, this week and next week, will make or mar the destinies of the country, stand the best half of England and the three nations that have done so much to make England what she is. No statesman with imagination could desire a more admirable and powerful following, especially when he remembers the elements of which his adherents consist. If they are faithfully dealt with, the organised workmen of England, whether they belong to the Labor Party or whether they formally adhere to Liberalism, the flower of the middle-classes, the Scottish farmers and workmen, the Welsh and Irish democracies, will see this quarrel with the Lords through. They are not open to the Protectionist lure, as are the small traders of the Midlands, and they have reached a stage of economic and moral development

which puts them outside the petty circles of social pressure that environ the laborers and the dependent classes of southern England. The men who endured year after year of the American Civil war, and put behind them the temptation of slave-grown cotton, will not fail to the call when we reach the next decisive stage in the fight for representative government. Only they must not be met with indecisive or self-conflicting counsels; they must be led up to the redoubt where they were instructed that the force of the enemy lay. No British leader who thus handles his people need fear betrayal by them, whatever their sectional formation may be; and in the shallow manœuvring of papers like the "Times" and the "Spectator," and in the shower of contradictory and complicated proposals for the "reconstruction" of the Upper House which pours from their columns, we have the evidence of the fears that this emergency in our politics arouses in those who provoked it. Those proposals, those perturbations, mean one thing, and one thing only—the knowledge of their authors that the House of Lords cannot be defended, and that, if possible, a new rampart of privilege must be built up in its place. That policy can only succeed if the Liberal Party is induced by weak men on its own side and astute men on the other side to give it sanction and countenance. So long as Liberalism is united for Free Trade and against the veto of the Peers, neither Protection nor the House of Lords has a chance. Let its ranks be divided, or its aim deflected and obscured, and a grave and perhaps fatal approach will have been made to the double but really unified end of securing a tariff through the corrosive action of the Lords on the principles and practice of representative government.

"VETO" OR "REFORM?"

We complained last week of some Unionist writers who appeared to have a difficulty in realising that a majority of 120 is not the same thing as a minority of 120. We are afraid that this week it is necessary to remonstrate with some of our own friends who, while conscious that they have a majority, seem already to be forgetting the issue upon which that majority was obtained. Yet, as we have often insisted, it is seldom that a leader has so clearly and narrowly defined the question before the electors as Mr. Asquith defined the issue of the late election at the Albert Hall and in his address to his own constituents. The election—we must be forgiven for emphasising the obvious and reiterating the familiar—was fought on the veto of the House of Lords. It was fought on the entire veto, not on finance alone, but on legislation as well. It was not fought on the reform of the House of Lords. It was fought on the supremacy of the House of Commons. Moreover, it was on this issue that it was won. Where we lost, we lost on Tariff Reform. Where we won, we won on the Budget which the Lords had thrown out, and on their right to throw out Budgets and other Bills. The Lords have no backing in the country and no popular force exists as an obstacle to dealing with them. Lastly, the Government

had a specific scheme for meeting the situation—a scheme maturely resolved upon after prolonged discussion in 1907, and adhered to during the two-and-a-half years that have since passed. The essence of this scheme was to secure the supremacy of the House of Commons, and it was in this form that the issue was presented to the people by Mr. Asquith.

In the face of these plain facts, we confess ourselves unable to understand the suggestions tentatively put forward by one or two of our Liberal contemporaries in London and the provinces, that the solution of the question between the Houses is to be sought through the reform of the House of Lords. We can quite understand the attitude of anyone who should maintain that this would be ideally the better plan. It is, in fact, the proposal of Sir Edward Grey, who, however, seems to us to have made it clear that there must be a preliminary dealing with the veto. If such a reform were sufficiently democratic, if it included the total abolition of the hereditary principle, and the substitution of a second chamber elected by the present constituencies, differently grouped and purged of the plural voter, it would, considered in itself, have much in its favor. But to those who contemplate such a reform we would put two simple questions. In the first place, do they for a moment suppose that anything so democratic or anything approaching it has any chance of passing into law? Do they consider that any of the social and political forces which will resist the limitation of the veto would be placated by a scheme involving the extinction of the hereditary principle? The "Times," which discusses Sir Edward Grey's proposal, declares emphatically that the Unionist Party will not look at it. But if this be the case, is it not clear that from the moment such a scheme came into existence a process of whittling down would begin, which would gradually strip it of its democratic character, and end by setting up that which all Progressives have feared, a new House of Lords, Conservative and partisan as ever?

But, secondly, we would ask a more pressing and immediate question. What do they suppose that the supporters of the Government and the members of the two allied parties would think of such a change of front, commended, as it is, to them by the appeals of the "Times" and the "Spectator"? The election has been fought on a distinct issue. Not a few doubts have been expressed in the course of the contest as to the sincerity of the Government in dealing with that issue. Everywhere Liberals have stood most stoutly by Mr. Asquith's Albert Hall pledge, and have, on the whole, succeeded in convincing doubters that that pledge would be carried into effect. Some strain may be put on the confidence of those who have given a strictly literal interpretation to Mr. Asquith's words, when they see Ministers remaining in office without assurance of power to deal with the Lords, even for the purpose of passing the Budget and introducing the Anti-Veto Bill. Many Liberals have all along assumed that an understanding existed with the King, and their disappointment at the discovery that no such understanding obtains must be reckoned with. It is fair to take into full consideration the urgency of the public finances and the intrinsic merits

and great public importance of the Budget itself. But the natural condition of passing the Budget as the first business of the Session is that the Anti-Veto Bill should be laid on the table without delay, and that on its rejection measures were either taken to force it through or to appeal once more, in one form or another, to the support of the nation. If the Anti-Veto policy be dropped, and the policy of a reformed Second Chamber substituted, the *débâcle* would be inevitable, immediate, and overwhelming. Ministers have had this question pressing upon them for three years; for more than twelve months they have repeatedly declared it to be the dominant issue; they have devised their own method of dealing with it, have put that method in the forefront of an electoral appeal, and have won the election on the issue formulated by themselves. They cannot be expected to discover at the striking of the twelfth hour that their solution was all along untenable, and that in principle their opponents were in the right. Will our reforming friends picture to themselves the position of an honest Liberal candidate fighting next May or next July the battle over again in the same constituency which was convinced by the cogency of his argument against the Veto in January? What chance, what time, would such a candidate have to convert the electors to an entire change of plan?

If they refuse to look into the future, our contemporaries may deign to cast a glance at the past. How do they conceive that the Campbell-Bannerman scheme was arrived at? It is not an ideal scheme, we have conceded. It is not a perfectly logical scheme. We imagine it was reached as the result of prolonged discussion by the process, we take it, of eliminating constructive schemes which only produced hopeless divergence. As soon as we begin a constitutional reconstruction, we get on to ground on which every man has his own opinion. There are two-chamber men and single-chamber men. All single-chamber men—including, we believe, the bulk of the Labor Party—are united in opposition to any scheme of reform. Among two-chamber men there are Whigs who wish to see a house of Milners and Curzons, and Democrats who think that that would be one degree worse than a house of Lord No Zoos. The Democrats, basing themselves on the Campbell-Bannerman resolution, would be strong enough in this Parliament to wreck a Whig reform. Similarly the Whigs and Tories would destroy a democratic reform. In short, no agreement could be reached on these lines, any more than it could be reached in 1907. In that year it became apparent that agreement was possible only on a preliminary step—the restriction of the veto. It was not, we imagine, supposed that this step would be the last step. It was not to be the final solution of the constitutional problem. It was to realise a condition preliminary to solution. It was seen that while the House of Lords remained in possession, the delicate work of constitution-making was impossible. It was like setting up the machinery of civil government under the guns of the enemy. The first thing was to take the fort, and clear the ground for a further advance. This was the rough logic of the situation, and it remains unaltered, or altered only to be reinforced by all that has passed since June, 1907.

THE PERILS OF THE INDIAN PRESS LAW.

It is characteristic of all experiments in repression, and all systems of exceptional laws, that they lack finality, and grade themselves in a continuous ladder. There is never a final stage in piecemeal coercion short of the total suppression of all civil liberties by martial law. At each step the puzzled and hesitating Government hopes that it has gone far enough, and stops short, astonished at its own moderation. Experience shows that sedition has only deepened into anarchy. But the Government, instead of realising that the coercion itself is a factor in the aggravation, persuades itself that the repression has failed only because it was a half-measure. The patient is visibly worse, and the doctor concludes that he must therefore administer a double dose of the original purge. The experience is as old as history, and its records are a polyglot book. It has its Spanish-Dutch chapter, its Italo-Austrian chapter, its Anglo-Irish chapter, and to-day the weary tale is being told anew in India. There have been more press-laws since the century opened than we care to task our memory to remember. Each was a little more severe than its predecessor. Each was followed, so runs official testimony, by the yet more daring licence of the Press which it sought to curb. And true to all its traditions, the official mind draws the conclusion that a little more of the remedy which has failed must at last produce the desired result. By such a process of reasoning have we reached the Press Law, which was presented, its first official business, to the reformed Imperial Legislative Council last Friday. It is not the end. One can conceive still more drastic laws. This law, as we gather from Sir H. Risley's speech, was based on Austrian models. It is by this mechanism that the Servian Press is reduced to silence in Bosnia. When it has failed there are other models left. There is the censorship by which Russia governs Poland.

The tradition of an inviolable Press is so deeply rooted in the English mind, that it is with reluctance that we bring ourselves to admit any limits to its freedom. But one limit there clearly is. No Government which has anything to fear from sedition can tolerate, if it rules an inflammable race, direct incitements to violence, or outspoken eulogies of crime. It is bound to provide for such offences a calm and impartial tribunal, but it is also bound to punish the offender as it punishes his dupes. The new Press Law departs in two ways from this principle. It makes the executive officer in the first instance the summary judge of all Press offences, and empowers him to confiscate literature, to decree the forfeiture of the printer's surety money, and finally to confiscate the press itself. An appeal lies, indeed, to the High Court, but before it could redress a harsh sentence, the press or the newspaper might find its business ruined. The second departure is the more serious. The common law and the previous exceptional laws have enacted summary processes and severe penalties for direct incitements to murder, violence, or sedition. The new law takes cognisance of wider and subtler offences—offences not as much against public order as against the Government itself. It will hence-

forward be a sufficient ground for suppressing any publication, that it has sought to stir up "hatred and contempt of Government or of a native prince." There is a sense in which all the writing of an Opposition, if it is vigorous and ruthless, is directed to this end. It is in all constitutional countries the common form of the "Outs" in their warfare against the "Ins." Any appeal to public opinion against the Government, if it is hotly worded, and if the grievances alleged are serious, may be fairly represented as an attempt to bring that Government into hatred and contempt. The more irreconcilable parties in all free countries would frankly avow this intention. "L'Humanité" in Paris, "Vorwärts" in Berlin, and "Justice" (*longo intervallo*) in London are busied in nothing else but an attempt to bring the government of the "*bourgeoisie*" into "hatred and contempt." No Irish editor would hesitate for a moment to admit that his ruling passion is to foster such an attitude towards the rule of Dublin Castle. It may be urged that while this phrase is dangerously wide, no Government composed of Englishmen, educated in English traditions, could desire to stretch it to its full and logical implications. But the apologist who urges that defence has omitted to read Sir H. Risley's speech on the Bill. He gave a long catalogue of the sort of criticisms with which he wishes to deal. A few of them, like the charge that the Government poisons the wells, would deserve punishment, if, indeed, they do not rather merit contempt. But in the list are the following proscribed opinions—"that the Government drains the country of its wealth," "that it has destroyed religion by a godless system of education," and "that it allows Indians to be ill-treated in the Colonies." If the Indian Press is forbidden to comment on the economic drain of Indian wealth to England, in pensions, salaries, and dividends, if it may not express an honest conservative prejudice against secular education, if it may not echo the complaints of Lord Curzon himself about the persecution of Indians in the Transvaal, there is an end of any liberty of printing. The newspaper which prefers to exist above ground and in the open will be driven to servility, to silence, or to such hints and periphrases as French journalism was forced to employ in the worst days of the Second Empire. The resolute man will do what the Socialists do in Russia; he will print underground or take to smuggling. The consequence in either case must be an increase of the existing resentment which will be no less formidable because it can find no public vent. The legal liberty to oppose a Government or to subject it to any fundamental criticism has come with this Act to an end. What remains of it in practice will depend on the individual good sense of the Judges of the High Court. The worst consequence of such a suppression of opinion is not that it fosters discontent. It is rather that it makes loyalty inoperative because it renders it perfunctory. If no publication may adopt a tone that is not loyal, the sincerest loyalty is discredited because it is no longer free.

It will be urged that the release of the "deported," or more properly "imprisoned," suspects, which the Viceroy announced on the passage of this Act, is in some

degree a counterpoise to the harm which it may do. That is, we fear, an optimistic calculation. To Indians, as to the leader-writer of the "Times," this "alternation of cane and jam" must be very puzzling. A quasi-representative Council is called together amid high hopes of a new era. It is then given the task of forging a snaffle-bit for Indian opinion. The suspects are, indeed, released, but for a reason which seems to condemn the whole policy of repression. Since their arrest, it is said, the movement of which they were leaders has degenerated from the sort of sedition which is frank and moral into a murderous anarchism. If this is a fair rendering of recent events, there could be no harsher verdict on the policy of the Indian Government than that it has itself pronounced. For the implication is that the men who were imprisoned as the source of all the mischief were, in reality, the forces which restrained its more reckless tendencies. And, clearly, a measure of repression which was outside all the regular forms of law, instead of intimidating, has only exasperated the extremists. The Reforms, which seemed so promising when Lord Morley first drafted them, are in some danger of being converted, by the detailed regulations of Simla, into a scheme which no longer moves the Hindoo element to any real measure of hopefulness. The repression which accompanied them stands confessed of failure. There is, in all this, evidence of mediocre statesmanship, on the Indian side, which is of ill augury for the future. An Indian Secretary reforms in vain, if the men who administer are themselves incapable of realising the true character of the task that confronts them. They will not understand that, on the intellectual side at least, the educated India which faces them is their equal in the field of criticism and dialectics. They see stirring about them a proud and assertive national spirit, to which they offer no career and no constructive work worthy of its ambitions. Their intelligence, when they face an audience or pen an official document, does for a moment emancipate itself in theory from the cruder forms of the doctrine of race-subjection. But in all the friction of race with race, and in all the restricted social intercourse of the natives and the invaders, the old tradition survives. It may be a decade, it may be a generation, that will pass before some event occurs which at last makes this uncertain policy finally untenable. The preparation for that inevitable event is too grudging, the process of readjustment is much too slow.

PARTIES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A SPEECH made a few days ago at Cape Town by Mr. Merriman, repudiating the notion of a coalition Government in the new Union Parliament which will meet next summer, has been received in certain quarters here as if it were a sudden abandonment of an accepted policy of peace in favor of a reversion to a policy of racial strife. There is no particle of truth in such a representation. No responsible leader of the dominant party in the Cape, the Transvaal, or the Orange Free State gave any countenance to the notion of a coalition in

which the responsibilities and, we may add, the spoils, of office should be shared among the two groups of politicians who in their several States had been opposing one another all their lives. It is, of course, undeniable that important new issues may arise in the national politics of the country, which may come to divide public opinion upon lines different from those which the narrower State issues hitherto disclosed. If so, we may expect changes to occur in the composition and character of parties. But, until such issues ripen, it is only natural that the parties and policies which have held the field in the separate States should become the basis of the party system in the national Parliament. For that Parliament has received by the Constitution a legacy of most of the important controversies which divided parties in the States. Moreover, as Mr. Merriman pointed out, so far as coalition implied dispensing with the two-party system, upon which the British Parliamentary system has always thriven, it would enfeeble and endanger politics by removing the only effective engine of criticism. If all the great, wise, and eminent men in South Africa were packed into office in the Union Government, is it not likely that their authority would be used to lull the popular mind to a security and apathy which would endanger the Commonwealth? For if the cost of liberty is eternal vigilance, it is surely unwise to imprison in office the most effective watchdogs.

However, it is needless to labor the theoretic disadvantages of a course which was never seriously contemplated by any of the South African statesmen. That the politicians of the beaten party in the Cape and the Transvaal should have fostered the notion of erasing the existing party lines by trading on the new fervor of nationalism, is *vieux jeu* in politics. Eminent politicians out of office have in this country from time to time proposed to lead a "national" party; practically, the Tory Party is proposing it to-day. So it was natural enough that Dr. Jameson and his financial colleagues in Johannesburg should have sought to put upon the public mind in South Africa and in this country this idea of a coalition Government which should secure for them by amicable agreement what they could not hope to attain by success at the polls. The notion was welcomed here, not merely for the obvious advantage it appeared to secure for the British in South Africa, but because it chimed in with a certain shallow sentimentalism which liked to think that the horror of the war and the concentration camps had passed into eternal oblivion, leaving behind no traces of animosity. So speakers at the Colonial Institute or other centres of Imperialism still continually represent the blood shed in the Boer war as the very cement of national union. History dispels such romantic illusions. There is, indeed, a working measure of genuine goodwill between the white races in South Africa, but that it should have been so strengthened by the events of the last twelve years as to erase all memories of past antagonism, and to reconcile all those differences of material interest and mental valuation which exist between the races, is no other than a paradox. It is far better and safer to face the stubborn facts which underlie South African politics.

The Dutch and the British are still widely sundered by the social and industrial conditions of their lives. The strength of the former lies in agriculture and their widespread hold upon the land, the latter are mostly town-dwellers, engaged in commercial, industrial, and mining enterprise, more concentrated and more mobile in their residence. This economic cleavage may slowly give way, chiefly on the side of a gravitation of the educated Dutch into town life and commerce. But this coincidence of racial with economic demarcation must continue to exert a dominant influence upon politics, both provincial and national, affecting many grave issues of native policy, railroad and fiscal questions. Growing social intercourse, with accompanying intermarriages, the most solid basis of union, cannot be expected to achieve rapid results, unless larger numbers of British settlers can be drawn into rural life in the Transvaal and Orangia. This remedy has hitherto proved impracticable.

It is therefore best to recognise that, for some time to come, the party government for South African politics will run along the familiar lines of racial and economic distribution. This generalisation, however, is subject to one very important qualification. Though Mr. Merriman foreshadows a South African party based upon a common action of the Afrikaner Bond in the Cape, the Unie in Orangia, and Het Volk in the Transvaal, he does not suggest the possibility of actual fusion between the powerful Dutch organisations. For he is well aware that in the future, as in the past, issues are likely to arise in which the Dutch of the Cape will not see eye to eye with those of the Transvaal, and that the members of the Unie in Orangia may range themselves sometimes with one, sometimes with the other State. Geographical position and its related problems of transport have usually furnished the substance of past disputes. These in some measure will survive the Act of Union, and it is likely enough that new issues, relating to native government and territorial rights, may come up and cross the lines of racial division. Indeed, we may trust the astute politicians of the Rand to evolve and foster such issues as may create division in the constituent parts of the South African party. This, we take it, will be a normal duty of the Opposition in the Union Parliament. In any case, the reasonable and legitimate conflicts of interest and of feeling between the Cape and the Transvaal, alike in economic and in constitutional questions, are likely to provide a strong and perhaps a salutary check upon the excess of racialism which might have prevailed had the Dutch used their superior political organisation to enforce a closely welded national policy upon the new Parliament. It must never be forgotten that the most salient fact in South African civilisation is the concentration of national wealth in a few small spots of earth. The possession and working of these national treasures by little cosmopolitan groups of able business men, who must find it necessary constantly to intervene in national politics, will inevitably, as time goes on, give increased prominence in South Africa to those problems of capitalism and labor, wealth and commonwealth, which tend in all advanced industrial nations of the world to swallow up the older and the minor issues.

THE NEXT STEP IN WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

WE must await exact information as to the effect which the elections have had in increasing or diminishing Parliamentary support for women's suffrage; but though we shall expect to find the friendly majority reduced, we shall be slow to believe that it has been extinguished. Of three elements in the victorious party it is safe to say that Liberalism is still overwhelmingly favorable, that the Labor men are practically unanimous, and that Irish Nationalism yields a clear surplus of votes in favor of reform. The Tory Party was always divided on the question; it will probably remain divided until it sees clearly where its material interests lie. It is more important to discover the real feeling of the new Parliament towards "votes for women." The Liberal majority will necessarily have been chilled by the electoral tactics of the "suffragettes," and by their campaign of petty injuries to Liberal Ministers. But it does not follow that the cause is lost. Behind the "militants" lies a permanent and powerful force of womanhood, with full right to speak for all that is best in the life of their sex. It includes large masses of the manual workers of the country. It speaks for the great body of professional and intellectual women, whose part in the national life grows more important every year, and whose claims to the vote the bulk of their fellow-workers among men long ago conceded. It has unfortunately happened that these women have been practically unheard during the tumults of the last two years. Ministers' ears have been shut to the rational argument, while the battle of physical force, which could only have one end, raged on their doorsteps. This phase of the controversy is over, we hope for ever. With its close, the banishment of women's suffrage to the police courts ceases also. The hostile case is still argued, ably enough, in this quarter or that, but the general intellectual assent of the community to the principle of the suffrage indicates one of the most absolutely finished causes that we know of in politics. Practical difficulties remain; the form of the vote is still a matter of discussion among women themselves and between rival schools of male suffragists. But it is a strong tribute to the moral strength of the case that it has not only survived the worst blows of its friends, but has emerged in a form which statesmen who desire a true representation of the national life are bound to recognise. The argument must clearly be heard again, and the strength of the party behind it fairly tested. Liberal statesmen must see that the demand for the suffrage is no flash in the pan; on their side, women are clearly bound, now that "militant" tactics have been dropped, to show what elements of sober strength they have gathered, from all orders and degrees of their sex, in support of their claim. For these reasons we hope that if the Ministry retains office for any length of time, its chiefs will again be open to the reception of deputations, and to other constitutional methods of discussing a grievance which cannot, after all, be fully and authoritatively argued in a Parliament of men. Liberalism owes a good deal to the part which women have played in its propaganda. We hope that the debt thus incurred will be freely paid to the entire suffrage movement.

MEMBERS AND THEIR MANDATE.

(BY A PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

ON the eve of the elections, a certain hierarchy of Birmingham exhorted the faithful to inaugurate the New Year with a new Ministry. In a sense, the behest has been fulfilled. Ministers are back with new hearts for their work, and with new instruments to carry it on. Strange to say, a good many of us have yet to realise this elementary truth. On all hands one hears and reads of the obligation imposed on the Government to a spirited course of action by virtue of their supposed dependence on the Nationalist and Labor Parties. People who speak thus are suffering from an illusion, of which, however, they will be happily and completely cured within the next few days. If the Government are dependent more on one party than on another, it is on the Liberal Party, and if able to satisfy that party in the mood in which it is now returning to work out its destiny, they need have no qualms about any other. As in the Budget fight, so in the coming conflict for the supremacy of the Commons, it is Liberalism that will lead. To imagine otherwise is to reveal an innocence of mind only to be dispelled by experience.

"Could you do it again?" inquired a Minister, addressing himself, a few days ago, to one of the sixty Liberal members who have been entrusted to bring back Scotland's answer to the challenge of the Lords. "Yes," was the reply. "Again and yet again—that is, assuming you do your part." From Lancashire comes much the same response. There, too, Liberalism, if its elected spokesmen are not in error, could "do it" again, and perhaps do it even better—granted the hour and the man. But the occasion must be worthy, and the leadership strong, unfaltering, and clear. All through the North, as well as, generally, on the lips of the Northern members, the word is for action. Questions of tactics, such as the relative positions to be given to the Finance Bill and the Veto, do not appear to be causing much concern. On the whole, the wish seems to be to get the Budget into a position of security, to exhibit it to the electorate as a tangible and visible token of Liberal triumph, and, not least, to let it work out its own vindication in the eyes of the rural constituencies, deluded as those have been, in too many instances, into an erroneous conception of the aims and precise application of Mr. Lloyd George's great scheme. Shortly, it is now a question, not so much of whether this or that stage should have precedence, as of the precise character of the essential step. On this point the feeling of members representing the great urban centres is unmistakable. Novices and veterans—shrewd old Parliamentary hands as well as the most ardent 'prentice hands—are virtually at one in the demand that Ministers should concentrate on the Veto. In this sense, at least, all, or nearly all, are in favor of the "Veto first" policy. Schemes of reconstitution, even by way of reform, may come afterwards. In any case, urgency can scarcely be pleaded for such experiments, whereas the restriction of the Veto has been shown to be a matter of vital and pressing necessity. And that Liberals in the new Parliament feel it to be so, and desire to join battle rather on this than on any less definite issue, is pretty certain to become manifest as soon as the lists are set.

A fighting policy, some are objecting, may lead to another election within a few months. One is constrained to reply that even this threat seems to have no terrors for the men who will be sitting on the Ministerial benches next week. After all, to quote an expression used by one of them, they must do what they have been sent to do. Usually the Ministerial Party is the defending force, but in this Parliament it must, from the outset and by the nature of things, be in the attitude of the challenger. Moreover, in the opinion of those who will have much to do with settling its destinies, it must act as if prepared to go to the country at any moment. In short, it must concentrate on the Veto, even though everything else be sacrificed. Such sacrifices are sometimes the wisest policy. For instance, Scotland is still waiting for its Land Bills owing to the action of the

Lords, or, as the Lords would say, owing to the obstinacy of Ministers in resisting that action. Yet Scotland, though bereft of legislation, visits its wrath, not on the Government, which by assenting to a compromise might have obtained for the people something they did not want, but on the Lords, who, in three successive years, never wearied of renewing this Barmecidean offer. The lesson is plain enough, and one need not labor the moral by extending its application to schemes of House of Lords reform, elective Second Chamber, and so forth. Men fresh from the constituencies may be trusted to "do what they have been sent to do."

To complete this record of reflected impressions, note should be made of the fact that many of Mr. Asquith's supporters, and apparently not a few of his adversaries, are persuaded that the Prime Minister is approaching his task armed with the necessary powers to ensure its success. Perhaps they are right—at all events, they cannot be far wrong in assuming that the Minister at the head of the Government enjoys the confidence of the Crown. Moreover, there is an expectation, still more widely diffused, that from the many difficulties of the situation a statesman of Mr. Asquith's resource and courage will prove himself capable of plucking a certain profit. After all, he has one advantage over his rivals. To him the position may, indeed, be difficult; to them it is plainly impossible.

Life and Letters.

THE POLITICIAN'S SOUL.

THE cynic, whose métier consists in contrasting theories of conduct with practice, thoroughly enjoys himself at election time. Theory shows him the free and independent elector pondering in his equal mind the conflicting claims of various policies as set before him by skilled, impartial exponents, and after full consideration achieving a reasoned judgment which he duly registers upon election day. Practice discloses—well, what you may learn just now by sitting for a couple of evenings in the smoke-room of a party club. So we are invited to believe that the "politics" of a General Election are nothing else than the "art of electioneering," and that this art consists at bottom of playing on the passions and self-interest of the various orders of electors, irrespective of the merits of the cause, so as to "get his vote." The cynic shows you next the career of the politician who, having by these means secured the requisite majority of votes, takes his place in the great council of the nation. There, driven by the necessity of reconciling as he may the pledges given to his constituents with the demands of the party whip, he sacrifices his private judgment and conscience upon the altar of opportunism, and the same arts of "management" which he successfully applied to the electorate are now practised upon him by the "powers above." Nay, should he play the game so well that in due course he attains office, he is no nearer to the sphere in which liberty of thought and conscience have free scope: he must not only subordinate his personal feelings and judgment, but set himself to coerce and cajole lesser politicians. So our cynic warms to his task of exposure. The higher walks of politics substitute a more conscious roguery for dupery, until the master statesman is revealed as the Machiavellian monster who, by manipulating the elaborate instrument, sucks the heart blood of humanity to feed his conception of the State. Thus painted, politics, indeed, appears "a dirty trade," and the politician, what Adam Smith dubbed him, "a crafty and insidious animal."

Such an account of politics needs, of course, no refutation: it carries its own condemnation. If there were really in the elector, the candidate, the member, the official, no real bias in favor of truth, justice, and the public good, if the art of the electioneer, the demagogue, the wire-puller, the whip, were as unmoral and as absolute as was pretended, nothing deserving the name of a State, or even such an organ as a party, could have ever come into existence.

We need not, indeed, discuss so false a view, except so far as it suggests the more relevant question why it is that politics and politicians are terms which tend, in modern times particularly, to gather opprobrium. The theme is not novel, but Professor Pollard, speaking the other day at the Society of Arts, gave fresh point to it in a discourse which served upon the whole as a moral defence of the politician. Dwelling upon the difference between the most developed form of ancient society and our own, he drew attention to the fact that whereas politics virtually absorbed the thoughts and energy of every citizen in such a State as Athens, it plays but a trivial part in the life of the vast majority of our citizens, being delegated as the special function of a little class. This helps to explain part of the opprobrium, both its exaggeration and the tincture of truth it contains. For the passing of politics from a universal pursuit into a particular profession involves, on the one hand, a craft or mystery, and exposes its expert operators to temptations to abuse of power; upon the other, it raises suspicions based on ignorance and directed to exaggerated fear of these abuses. The modicum of truth underlying our cynic's picture explains the special charges usually made against the politician, the "economy of truth" which he is said to practise, and his habit of compromise on matters of principle. The former charge admits, no doubt, of an effective formal rebuttal. One has only to refer to the accepted usages and amenities of social intercourse, to the prevalent arts of advertising and of bargaining in most businesses, for close analogies to every form of *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi* charged against the politician. Even the diplomatist, "a good man sent to lie abroad for his country's good," differs little, if at all, from the good agent or traveller whose "country" is some line of cotton goods or some insurance policy.

Indeed, up to a certain point there is the same validity in the ethical defence which is set up in the two cases. The rigid moralist who insists that there cannot be a different standard for a man speaking in a public and in a private capacity, that a statesman supporting a policy which he does not privately approve is a liar just as much as if he fabricated a false statement for his private ends, disregards a vital distinction. Professor Pollard brought out this truth by a very forcible example when he reminded his audience that, since a Cabinet Minister was sworn not to reveal the King's counsel, it was evident that circumstances might arise requiring him to utter a formal lie in order not to break his oath. This embodies the essential truth that a politician, in acting as a member of a Cabinet, or even a party, is no longer a private individual bound only by the sanctions of private morality. He becomes a part of a larger composite personality, in which his own personality and the responsibility attaching to it are in a measure merged. Those who tell us so confidently that "the best men" will never enter politics because they will not submit to this sacrifice, speak without warrant. There exists, no doubt, a type of high-minded man who is temperamentally incapable of the sort of moral sacrifice required. But to describe him as "the best man" is to beg the whole question. Indeed, it may be urged that, if he be "the best," an impassable gulf divides ethics and politics, and the latter art, deprived of the finest human sustenance, must ever tend to degradation and decay.

This assumption we refuse to make. On the contrary, history discloses numerous instances of men who have not merely passed through the dust and strife of politics with their standards of private conduct unscathed and unimpaired, but whose personality has been matured and enriched by the very sacrifices which have been imposed upon them by consideration of the larger good of the company with which they acted. The practical ethics of politics is not so much looser than as different from the ethics of the mere individual. The ultimate standards, however, do not differ, though theorists have sometimes defended statecraft as an act of short-sighted national selfishness. The final condemnation of Bismarckism is

not that it takes "utility" for its good, and insists that all national conduct is legitimate which makes for that good. Its real intellectual and moral fallacy lies in an interpretation of national utility which leaves out all that counts most in the worth, true power, prosperity, and progress of a nation. A statesman who bends all his efforts to secure, by hard, selfish use of physical force, some narrowly conceived material gains of trade or territory during the present generation, at the cost of antagonising other nations, is not to be blamed for seeking the "good" of his own nation, and applying every method of expediency to attain it. His fault lies in a misconception of the national welfare, of the part which moral forces play in securing it.

There is nothing in the ethics of politics different from the ethics of all human co-operation. Wherever a man enters into stable agreement with his fellows to seek a common end by organised means, he undertakes to act and speak differently from what he would had he not entered this fellowship. He must no longer be judged by the standards rightly applied to him in his "private" life, for in this sphere of life he is no longer a private person but a member of a new moral personality. He may, indeed, be charged with an excessive sacrifice, a "slavery to party," and such partisanship is a real moral danger. So, too, the party or company to which he has attached himself may be chargeable with tyranny, or perfidy, or other vice, and he, as a member, will incur in his social capacity a share of the blame. But the view of political morality which treats the conduct of a Government, a party, or any other company, as if its agents or members had retained all the private liberty and responsibility which they possessed before they entered its service, is manifestly false. Those who are so deeply concerned about the politician's soul should bear in mind this difference between a politician and a mere man.

THE UNDERWORLD OF TIME.

SOMETIMES, for a moment, the curtain of the past is rolled up, the seven seals of its book are loosened, and we are allowed to know more of history than the round number of soldiers with which a general crossed a river, or the succession that brought one crazy voluptuary to follow another upon the Imperial throne. We do not refuse gratitude for what we ordinarily receive. To the general it made all the difference whether he had a thousand soldiers more or less, and to us it makes some. To the Imperial maniac it was of consequence that his predecessor in the government of civilised mankind was slain before him, and for us the information counts for something, too; just as one meets travellers who satisfy an artistic craving by enumerating the columns of a ruined shrine, and seeing that they agree with the guide-book. But it is not often that historians tell us what we really want to know, or that artists will stoop to our questionings. We would willingly go wrong over a thousand or two of those soldiers, if we might catch the language of just one of them as he waded into the river; and how many a simpering Venus would we grind into face-powder if we could follow for just one day the thoughts of a single priest who once guarded her temple! But, occupied with grandeur and beauty, the artists and historians move upon their own elevated plane, and it is only by furtive glimpses that we catch sight of the common and unclean underworld of life, always lumbering along with much the same chaotic noise of hungry desires and incessant labor, of animalism and spiritual aspiration.

One such glimpse we are given in that book of "The Golden Ass," now issued by the Clarendon Press, in Mr. H. E. Butler's English version, but hitherto best known through a chapter in Walter Pater's "Marius," or by William Adlington's sixteenth century rendering, included among "The Tudor Translations." It is a strange and incoherent picture that the book presents. Pater well compares it to a dream: "Story within story—stories with the sudden, unlooked-for changes of dreams." And, as though to suit this dream-like in-

consequence, the scene is laid in Thessaly, the natural home of witchcraft—where, in fact, the present writer was laid under a witch's incantation little more than ten years ago, and might have been transformed into heaven knows what, if a remembered passage from this same book of Apuleius had not caused an outburst of laughter that broke the spell only just in time. It is a savage country, running into deep glens of forest and precipitous defiles among the mountains, fit haunt for the robber bands with which the few roads were infested. The region where the Lucius of the book wandered, either as man, or after his own curiosity into mysterious things had converted him into an ass (whereas he had wished to become a beautiful bird)—the region recalls some wild picture of Salvator Rosa's. We are surrounded by gloomy shades, sepulchral caverns, and trees writhing in storm, nor are cut-throat bandits ever far away. Violence and murder threaten at every turn. Through the narrow and filthy streets young noblemen, flown with wine, storm at midnight. When a robber chief is nailed through the hand to a door, his devoted followers hew off his arm to set him free. They capture girls for ransom, and sell them to panders. When one is troublesome, they propose to sew her up in the paunch of the yet living ass, and expose her to the midday sun. One of the gang, disguised as a bear, slays all his keepers, and is himself torn in pieces by men and dogs. All the band are finally slaughtered or flung from precipices. Gladiatorial beasts are kept as sepulchres for criminals. A slave is smeared with honey and slowly devoured by ants till only his white skeleton remains tied to a tree. A dragon eats one of the party, quite cursorily. What with bears, wolves, wild boars, and savage dogs, each step in life would seem a peril, were not the cruelty of man more perilous still. Continued existence in that region was, indeed, so insecure, that men and women in large numbers ended the torments of anxiety by cutting it short.

And then there were the witches, perpetually adding to the uncertainty by rendering it dubious in what form one might awake, if one awoke at all. During sleep, a witch could draw the heart out through a hole in the neck, and, stopping up the orifice with a sponge, allow her victim to pine in wonder why he felt so incomplete. With ointments compounded of dead men's flesh she could transform a lover into a beaver, or an innkeeper into a frog swimming in his own vat of wine and with doleful croak inviting his former customers to drink; or herself, with the aid of a little shaking, she could convert into a feathered owl uttering a queasy note as it fitted out of the window. Indeed, the whole of nature was uncertain, especially if disaster impended, and sometimes a chicken would be born without the formality of an egg, or a bottomless abyss spurted with gore under the dining-room table, or the wine began to boil in the bottles, or a green frog leapt out of the sheepdog's mouth.

So life was a little trying, a little perplexing; but it afforded wide scope for curiosity, and Apuleius, an African, brought up in Athens and living in Rome, was endlessly curious. In his attraction to horrors, to bloodshed, and the shudder of grisly phantoms there was, perhaps, something of the man of peace. It is only the unwarlike citizen who could delight in imagining a brigand nurtured from babyhood on human blood. He was, indeed, writing in the very period which the historian has fixed upon as the happiest and most prosperous that the human race has ever enjoyed—those two or three benign generations when, under the Antonines, provincials combined with Romans in celebrating "the increasing splendors of the cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden, and the long festival of peace, which was enjoyed by so many nations, forgetful of their ancient animosities, and delivered from the apprehension of future danger." The slow and secret poison that Gibbon says was introduced by the long peace into the vitals of the Empire, was, perhaps, among the causes that turned the thoughts of Apuleius to scenes of violence and terror—to the "macabre," as Pater said—just as it touched his style with the preciosity of decadence, and

prompted him to occupy a page with rapture over the "swift lightnings" flashed against the sunlight from women's hair. He was, in fact, writing for citizens much like the English of twenty years ago, when the interest of readers, protected from the harsh realities of danger and anxiety, was flattered equally by bloodthirsty slaughters, the shimmer of veiled radiance, and haunted passages to the unknown gods.

Those passages to unknown gods were much affected by Apuleius himself. The world was at the slack, waiting, as it were, for the next tide to flow, and seldom has religion been so powerless or religions so many. Of one abandoned woman it is told as the climax of her other wickednesses that she blasphemously proclaimed her belief in one god only. Apuleius seems to have been initiated into every cult of religious mystery, and in his story he exultingly shows us the dog-faced gods of Egypt triumphing on the soil that Apollo and Athene had blessed. Here was Anubis, their messenger, and unconquered Osiris, supreme father of gods, and one whose emblem no mortal tongue might expound. It was at the great procession of Isis through a Greek city that the ass was at last able, after unutterable sufferings, to devour the chaplet of roses destined to restore him to human shape; and thereupon he took the vows of chastity and abstinence (so difficult for him to observe) until at length he was worthy to be initiated into the mysteries of the goddess, and, in his own words, "drew nigh to the confines of death, trod the threshold of Proserpine, was borne through all the elements, and returned to earth again, saw the sun gleaming with bright splendor at dead of night, approached the gods above, and the gods below, and worshipped them face to face."

It was this redemption by roses, and the initiation into virtue's path, that caused Adlington in his introduction to call the book a figure of man's life, egging mortal men forward from their asinal form to their human and perfect shape, that so they might take a pattern to regenerate their lives from brutish and beastly custom. And, indeed, the book is, in a wider sense, the figure of man's life, for almost alone among the writings of antiquity it reveals to us every phase of that dim underworld which persists, as we have supposed, almost unnoticed and unchanged from one generation of man to another, and takes little account either of government, the arts, or the other interests of intellectual classes. It is a world of incessant toil and primitive passion, yet laughter has place in it, and Apuleius shows us how two slave cooks could laugh as they peered through a chink at their ass carefully selecting the choicest dainties from the table; and how the whole populace of a country town roared with delight at the trial of a man who thought he had killed three thieves, but had really stuck three wine skins; and how the ass in his distress appealed unto Caesar for the rights of a Roman citizen, but could get no further with his best Greek than "O!" It is a world of violence and obscenity and laughter, but, above all, a world of pity. Virgil, too, was touched with the pity of mortal things, but towards the poor and the laboring man he rather affected a pastoral envy. Apuleius had looked poverty nearer in the eyes, and he knew the piteous terror on its face. To him we must turn if we would know how the poor lived in the happiest and most prosperous age that mankind has enjoyed. In the course of his adventures, the ass was sold to a mill—a great flour factory employing numerous hands—and, with his usual curiosity, he there observed, as he says, the way in which that loathsome workshop was conducted:—

"What stunted little men met my eye, their skin all striped with livid scars, their backs a mass of sores, with tattered patchwork clothing that gave them shade rather than covering! . . . Letters were branded on their foreheads, their heads were half shaven, iron rings were welded about their ankles, they were hideously pale, and the smoky darkness of that steaming, gloomy den had ulcerated their eyelids: their sight was impaired, and their bodies smeared and filthy white with the powdered meal, making them look like boxers who sprinkle themselves with dust before they fight."

Even to animals the same pity for their sufferings is extended—a pity unusual among the ancients, and

still hardly known around the Mediterranean. Yet Apuleius counted the sorrows of the ill-used ass, and, speaking of the same flour mill, he describes the old mules and pack-horses laboring there, with drooping heads, their necks swollen with gangrenes and putrid sores, their nostrils panting with the harsh cough that continually racked them, their chests ulcerated by the ceaseless rubbing of their hempen harness, their hoofs swollen to an enormous size as the result of their long journeys round the mill, their ribs laid bare even to the bone by their endless floggings, and all their hides rough with the scab of neglect and decay.

The first writer of the modern novel—first of romanticists—Apuleius has been called. Romance! If we must make these rather futile distinctions, it is as the first of realists that we would remember him. For, as in a dream, he has shown us the actual life that mankind led in the temple, the workshop, the marketplace, and the forest, during the century after the Apostles died. And we find it much the same as the actual life of toiling mankind in all ages—full of unwelcome labor and suffering and continual apprehension, haunted by ghostly fears and self-imagined horrors, but illuminated by sudden laughter, and continually goaded on by an inexplicable desire to submit itself to that hard service of perfection under which, as the priest of the goddess informed Lucius in the story, man may perceive most fully the greatness of his liberty.

CARLYLE THE POET.

CARLYLE commended "the French Revolution" to his readers "that all men may know what are the heights and depths which are still in man." It is as a revelation of these "heights and depths" that his work stands to-day imperishable in literature. Mr. A. W. Evans, in his admirable introduction to a volume of well-chosen selections ("Carlyle," *Masters of Literature Series*: George Bell), reminds us of the distinction drawn by Huxley between his attitude and that of Tyndall. Tyndall "was disposed to regard Carlyle as a great teacher. I," said Huxley, "was rather inclined to take him as a great tonic." The time when Carlyle was regarded as a great teacher has long gone by. He has passed from the category of the preachers into that of the poets. He had, indeed, no teaching to give, though he preached, with fury and eloquent appeal, for nearly eighty years. He exhorted his hearers to "do the duty which lies nearest to them." If they asked him what that duty was, he called them blockheads. If they asked him why they should do it, he called them swine. A peasant, he despised the city peoples, with their facile, short-sighted enjoyments. A man of simplicity who had fought his way into intellectual supremacy, he condemned those whose strength failed to carry them through so arduous an enterprise. And he swept away in collective contempt as "the mob," "Democracy," the crowd, all who had never possessed ambition enough to essay the journey, or energy to attain that journey's end. He fought bitterly and scornfully against the best of that strange century in which he lived. He thought that meat was more than life and raiment than body. An effort towards freedom was to him an effort towards the consumption of the East wind. For Mazzini and his labors for the making of a United Italy from the inspiration of an Idea, he entertained a kind of contemptuous affection: seeing him drifting, an "ineffectual angel," through a world of iron purposes. Yet United Italy came; and so came also many other historic transformations outside the region of Carlyle's philosophy. Ragged men or great business communities felt new fire within them for an "Idea"—the Ideas of Liberty or Equality or Democracy which he despised so heartily—and in the strength of that fire were able successfully to exhort mountains to be removed, and to be cast into the midst of the sea. Lord Acton, who loved freedom and the struggle for it with a kind of personal passion, thought Carlyle, after Froude, the "most detestable of historians." His "honey" has been carried into the "aristocratic hive." His ideal of a nation was some-

thing near that of the dominant classes in the German Empire to-day, of some Poor Law reformers of yesterday or to-morrow. Men, regimented and drilled by an aristocracy of birth, breeding, and intellect, are to be sorted, classified, ticketed, driven by whip and goad into cleanliness and godliness and some measure of efficiency in the great revolving machine of a State hierarchy. All that is asked of the "horde" is, not "Government," but acquiescence—"consent" in dumb, patient fashion to let the efficient rule. Of Democracy as a mystic, sacred thing, of Liberty as an end in itself, and not merely as a means towards comfort or piety, he knew nothing at all. That is why, for all the magic splendor of his pictures of individual achievement, his "French Revolution" is so remote from a philosophy of history. He sees the "social movement" arising from discontent and boundless privation. He ascribes the Revolution to the misery of the peasants, and the misery of the peasants to absentee landlordism and luxurious expenditure at the Court. He thinks that if the landlords had maintained a just feudal rule, in strict hierarchical system, and if the peasants had been fed, no Revolution would have happened at all. He never saw that the Revolution was a child as much of Hope as of Despair, and that here also an idea was clothing itself in form and making the rocks dance at its advent in the world. So the fight for American unity and the liberation of the slave became for him merely cant and Quashee; and the admittance of the artisans of England into Government "shooting Niagara"; and the progress of the people in the second half of the nineteenth century, with widening education and an increasing standard of life, was hailed as "torpid, gluttonous, sooty, swollen, and squalid England, given up to the deaf stupidities, and to the fatalities that follow, likewise deaf."

It arose partly out of spiritual blindness, which saw only the worshipful man—the hero—as worthy of adoration; the spiritual blindness which terminated in the exaltation by others of the Superman. It arose partly also out of a great impatience with life's stupidities and futilities, and progress so long delayed, man's strength spent, and seemingly in vain. Tortured by bodily pains, "like a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach," he was tormented no less by similar maladies of the soul. The rat was gnawing there also, exciting to fury as he looked out on the world of men, and saw how it was marred and ruined by folly triumphant, and incurable cowardice and ease. Mr. Evans, in kindly verdict, explains the former judgment, as blinded just by the glory of the individual, so commanding and desirable as to flare out, dazzling, against a grey indistinguished background of negligible lives. "His admiration for inspired men overwhelmed his belief in the inspiration of humanity, and led him to think that, provided a people went the right road, it mattered little whether they were driven or whether they chose it for themselves." In any case, his Social Utopia is shattered by all human experience. His Ireland, which would be justly ruled by the iron hand of alien authority, his fox-hunting squires, who are to give up their hunting (where, perhaps, they are doing least harm) to reorganise a beneficent feudalism, his Captains of Industry and regiments of Labor—the wind has blown them all away, into the region where Dr. Francia and his ideal Absolutism, and all similar Dr. Francias have been driven before man's demand for freedom. Anarchs would wander through the streets of his Empire of hierarchical efficiency and bring it all tumbling to the ground; such anarchists as exultations and agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Turn from Carlyle, preacher and social reformer, to Carlyle, mystic and poet: you are passing from barren lands into a large and spacious kingdom. This man had the quality of enchantment about him, so that under his touch the daily experience of mankind became an apocalypse, and every common bush was burning with fire. He set the human story in the background of all the Eternities. He found life not dwarfed by this vast encompassing background, but adequate to its high challenge; lifted out of the dust, able to move easily in a region of supreme issues. The background became, of

necessity, mystic. Duty ceased to be the trodden way of an ephemeral race, but somehow kindled and inspired by a sense of countless influences and expansions amid a region secure from the triumph of time. Mankind, as in the great central passage of the "Sartor," is "marching from the fire origins of the visible universe to its fire consummation; 'like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of Heaven's artillery,' levelling earth's mountains and filling up her seas; marching, also, 'from mystery to mystery, from God and to God.'" That God is sometimes the Spirit behind the visible things, weaving at the roaring loom of time, sometimes the God of Mount Sinai, visible in lightnings and thunders, sometimes "the ancient elemental powers" who have fixed in "adamantine rigor" the laws of the life and death of nations, and who are "entirely careless how you vote." He makes no attempt to reconcile these conceptions of Deity. In "Sartor" the first is dominant, in his visions of history, the third. His is not here that God who declares His Almighty Power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity. His is the God who will put a hook in the mouth of the King of Assyria and turn him whither He will, who will destroy in one night the armies of Sennacherib, outside the holy hill of Sion, to whom the Song of Miriam is appropriate praise, exultant over the Egyptians lying dead by the sea shore. Above all, his is a God of Flame, a Man of War. Carlyle's test of all religions would be found in the traditional challenge on Mount Carmel. Build you here your altars: there build you yours. Call upon the Deities of your worship, with strong crying and sacrifice, and the "God who by fire shall answer, let Him be the God." The answer by fire was the only valid reply. His favorite hero, Ram Dass, had enough fire in his belly to burn up the sins of the whole world. That fire came to be his test of character also. All his heroes have it—Dante, Burns, Cromwell, Mirabeau—fire restrained, smouldering, choked down, only occasionally revealed; or fire flaming out into sudden action which leaves the world amazed.

"He is warming his hands by the fire of life," wrote Maurice of another, "but it will never burn or scorch him in the least." Were it otherwise, "the fire would be in his heart while he was arranging his knick-knacks and watering his flowers, and it would come out, though it burnt up the pretty cottage and garden and church, and all Borrowdale and Derwentwater." Carlyle never warmed his hands at the fire of life. The fire was in him, and it burnt up more than Borrowdale and Derwentwater. It came out in the drawing-rooms of Mid-Victorian England, with the pictures of Queen Victoria being welcomed by Louis Napoleon, and the be-whiskered heroes of the Crimean War under the Whig supremacy. In politics, he would be a Tory or a Radical, never a Whig; the coldness, the restraint, the moderation, the respectabilities, goaded him into madness. In religion, he saw the fire dying on the altars, a conventional rule of accepted morality replacing all the high ardors and aspirations. "Dust and ashes," he wrote over it all. Mill's luminous fairnesses and justices drove him into opposition; Emerson's rarified wisdom left him cold. He turned from all this appeal to reason on the heights, in order to sing the praise of those who fought in confusion far below, to those who had stormed through life, huge, shaggy, uncouth, passionate, but at whose advent the solid ground had shook and shifted a little. Mirabeau, in unforgettable picture, stands as the very type of his heroes, and the death of Mirabeau is the passage which one would choose of all others, to reveal the temper of the genius of Carlyle. His Puritan prejudice disapproved of all the spirit and action of this man—his lusts and excesses, his disorder of body and soul, his vanity and extravagance and display. But he is a Titan, fire-flaming, defiant to the last. "The giant Mirabeau walks in darkness; companionless on wild ways." "If I had not lived with him, I never should have known what a man can make of one day." "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy." He dies "a gigantic Heathen, stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest." In future, "when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will

turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat: and Mirabeau is absent now."

So he is one of the very few adequate to the painting of Revolutions, to the time when visibly the sun has been turned into darkness and the moon into blood and there has been loosened over earth and sea the thunder of the trumpets of the night. His endeavor was to exhibit this vision of reality, not only in those cataclysms when all men should be afraid, but in the ordinary experiences of every day: the world Phoenix, always consumed in fire; always in fire being born. Men turned reluctant from the glare of it, hoping to find in social amusement and various feeble charities escape from that conspicuous flame. He told them of the futility of such an effort, so often essayed, so often destroyed. He revealed beneath the thin surface on which were built the transitory palaces and banking houses and suburban villas, the untamed, ancient, elemental fires. He knew that all history is a record of combat, that human life only becomes tolerable under the impetus of action. He knew (in a word) that the passage from a fire cradle to a fire consummation is, in plain truth, a passage from God and to God.

THE BIRD-PLAY.

THERE is nothing new even in Paris. Before Rostand there was Aristophanes, and the birds which displayed their plumage at the Porte-Saint-Martin had fluttered and sung two thousand years before under the rock of the Acropolis. With a whirr of wings and a sheen of plumage, mixing Greek words among their twitterings and their cries, they had filed into the Orchestra at a *première* which Athens must have awaited as eagerly as Paris looked for "Chantecler." There are stray lines in the text of "The Birds," and notes in the scholia, which tell us even now that this antique experiment was thought in its day to be a unique adventure in stage-craft. Genius, even in Greece, did not always shrink from enlisting money on its side, and Aristophanes, like Rostand, belonged to the side which had the money. He had recruited for his troupe a famous woman flute-player, who was to make her first appearance in Athens in his chorus, apparently as the nightingale. Gossip boasted in the baths and the agora of the untold sums which had been lavished on the feathered dresses of the actors, precisely in the strain which the "Matin" and the "Figaro" have made so dismally familiar. The climax, the triumph of the whole amazing show was a realistic use of stage-thunder, heralded with bombast, and acclaimed in choruses, something apparently new and wonderful, an innovation in the mechanics of the theatre. But it would be difficult to push the comparison beyond these externals. Rostand's farmyard, for all its romances and its allegories, is a home of realism. The birds of Aristophanes were engaged in building a cloud-cuckoo-city. The creatures of the French farmyard are depicted as beings with a separate and autonomous life of their own. The Greek birds, on the other hand, to borrow the Looking-Glass phrase, are only things in Aristophanes's dream. Their king is a human prince metamorphosed into a hoopoe, and they are, throughout the graceful and ingenious farce, only a chorus which comments on the doings of actors who are either human or divine. The play is by turns a satire on Athenian institutions and a reckless comedy at the expense of Athenian religion, but a sub-human drama it never for a moment is. The chorus may flutter its wings and mingle bird-cries with its moralisings, but it is, after all, only a commentary on human affairs, a vehicle for literary satire and political suggestion. It never had entered the brain of Aristophanes to treat his birds as creatures interesting in themselves. His human hero does, indeed, propose to lead and organise them for the coercion of the earth and the confounding of the gods. But it is of the essence of the comedy that he interrupts his plot to make a savory bird-stew with that peculiarly appetising sauce which Heracles found so irresistible. His birds are not so much *dramatis personæ* as items in a menu.

Aristophanes was the very type of the sophisticated literary man who lispd in parodies and sang quotations. But it is a primitive tradition which Rostand has revived. He has done with art what the fabulists did naively. The essence of Æsop and his spiritual kinsmen in all ages and nations is that they were really interested in the characterisation of their birds and beasts. These are not men in masks and skins. They are the fellow-creatures whom primitive men observed and considered with a sympathy and an interest not yet distorted by the arrogance of the rational biped. The tradition reappears in all primitive literatures. It reveals through some of the French *fabliaux*. It has its modern classic in "Uncle Remus," where memories of African animism and totemism have translated themselves into the language of the Christian English-speaking negro. The fund of wisdom that made these tales must be older by whole epochs than any literature, older even than any language which has survived. It seems to date from a time when man, himself a hunter, competed with the larger carnivora in the chase. He knew the beasts as formidable enemies, whom he did not affect to despise. He could not match their strength. He recognised in some of them a cunning like his own. He did not disdain to wear their skins, and to rob them for his own adorning. He shared with them the fortune of the weather, and faced with them the malice of the seasons. He had no pride of reason, for he conceived of thought and will as the function of everything which seemed to act and move. So far from despising the "brute" beasts, he did not even despise the inanimate stone. He lived in a democratic community, with no suspicion that any impassable gulf separated him from the creatures of instinct. It was in no vein of symbolism or allegory that he took this beast or the other for the ancestor of his tribe, consecrated it as a totem, and worshipped it as divine. The primeval fables of the beasts grew up while this kindly sense of equality still lingered. The wolf or the bear which spoke in the savage tale was not for the original fabulist an unreasoning beast which he consciously personified by a sort of literary fiction. It was the ancestor of his clan, which he venerated with divine honors. The conviction that the animal is hopelessly inferior to man must have dawned about the time that Artemis evolved from a bear-totem into a huntress-goddess, accompanied by a symbolic bear, while the owl-eyed Athene developed from a bird-totem into the spirit of wisdom associated with a heraldic owl. The memory of the stage through which his savage ancestors had passed vanished utterly from the traditions of civilised man. His mythology was an elaborate theory, formed to explain the symbols and ritual which had become, for him, unintelligible. He even inverted the historic process. The beast totem evolved into the anthropomorphic god. Mythology turned the development upside down, by fairy tales in which the god was metamorphosed into the beast. But in folk-lore and peasant fable the relics of the kindly consanguinity still survived. Nurses told tales of the days when the beasts could talk, little guessing that in sober history there really was a phase when man as yet claimed for himself no supremacy, and affected no aloofness. The wheel of thought in our own day has turned full circle. Man was never further from the beasts than when Descartes based a system on self-consciousness, and taught in bald, literal words that the animals are automata. The doctrine of evolution has bridged the gulf once more, and inscribed the abolitionists' legend, *Ab uno sanguine*, over all our thinking about the beasts. We do not naively conceive of them, as the first fabulists must have done, as our equals, our fellows, if not our ancestors. But they are once more for us the possible persons of a drama whose obscure passions and dim reasonings we can follow with a distant sympathy.

The primitive beast-fable had always its moral, and Rostand's play is true to type. Theirs was the pedestrian wisdom of daily experience. He has taken for his theme a parable which makes of his poem a profound and moving commentary on life. The critics see in his Chantecler the national totem, the Gallic cock. They are proud to recognise and adopt the pathetic megalomania

of the bird who imagines that it is his crowing which commands the dawn. The parable has certainly its bearing on French history. The Gallic cock began to indulge in this conviction under the "Roi Soleil." He was more than ever convinced of it when his crowing became a democratic *revue* at the Revolution. Nor was he by any means alone in that conviction. The woodland birds who fluttered to his farmyard were quite of his mind. The birds of darkness and reaction fostered his self-esteem by conspiring against the sun in his person. And did not Karl Marx say in 1848 that it was the crowing of the Gallic cock which would compel the social revolution? It may have been that this and no more than this was what Rostand had in his mind when he traced the grandeur and disillusionment of Chantecler. But the moral has a wider application. Chantecler is magnificently French, but he is also simply human. This cock who conceives that the sun rises at his summons, what is he but the human race which saw in its earth the centre of the universe, made its gods in its own image, and dreamed that all creation was a design for its own perfection and fulfilment? Chantecler was the author of the Ptolemaic system; he wrote the "Essay on Man"; he composed Paley's "Evidences." He is the name of every prophet and thinker, from the great Leibnitz to drunken Christopher Sly, who conceived of himself and his kind as the centre of the solar system. The disillusionment began with the uncomfortable discoveries of one Copernicus; it was completed by Darwin. And the human Chantecler, his world-romance over, convinced at last that he is but an item and a detail in the goings and comings of the sun, has fluttered back to the positive task of being master in his own farmyard. The world is agreed that Voltaire was the most French of Frenchmen. It divides the honor to-day between Rostand and Anatole France. They say that megalomania is the national vice. One is forced to the conclusion that typical Frenchmen come into the world to protest against the national vice. For the moral of "Chantecler" is the moral of "Candide." It is on the disastrous morning when the sun has risen with its usual imperturbable punctuality despite the fact that one has forgotten to crow, that one first resolves to cultivate one's own garden. What is really French is not so much the megalomania as the sanity which follows it.

The Drama.

MR. FROHMAN'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

ON Monday week, the 21st of February, London will again, after nearly fifty years, possess a Repertory Theatre. On that night Mr. Charles Frohman opens, at the Duke of York's, an enterprise which, whatever its success—and its chances are excellent—will always be accounted to him for righteousness. The programme for the first three weeks is already settled and published. Of its individual components I shall speak anon; for the moment it is to their arrangement and sequence that I call attention. In the course of twenty-four performances four different bills will be presented—three whole-evening plays, and one triple bill consisting of three one-act pieces. In the first week two different bills will be presented, and one new bill in each of the succeeding weeks. In no case will a bill be presented more than twice running. If we call the four bills A, B, C, and D, their sequence may be briefly and clearly shown thus: A, A, B, A, A, B, B, A, B, C, A, A, C, B, C, B, C, B, D, B, A, A, D, C. It is in this sequence, or something like it, that the essence of the repertory system lies. The management, indeed, has shown some austerity in denying itself the convenience of three or even four consecutive performances, in which it might have indulged without infringing the principle of the system. For example, the first week might have been arranged thus: A, A, A, A, B, B, B; the first play running from the Monday evening to the Thursday matinee, the second from the Thursday to the Saturday evening. There would have been no absolute objection

of principle to such an arrangement, which would have meant some economy of labor in the mounting and unmounting of scenery. But since it was found possible to carry out the method of more rapid alternation, it was vastly preferable to do so. Whatever else Mr. Frohman may "present," he here presents a perfect object-lesson in the marshalling of a repertory.

Now, the point to which I would draw special attention is that (opera apart) we have had no such enterprise as this in London for close upon fifty years. The last real Repertory Theatre—the last theatre which made a principle and practice of constant changes of bill—was Sadler's Wells, under Samuel Phelps. Of Phelps's management it has been written:—

"From May 27th, 1844, until March 15th, 1862, Phelps maintained the most gallant battle in English theatrical history, indomitably snatching success out of the very jaws of failure. In these eighteen seasons, he produced thirty-one out of the thirty-seven plays of Shakespeare. . . . Shakespeare's text was, in all cases, freed from eighteenth-century improvements, a purgation which even Macready had left very incomplete. . . . Not only Shakespeare, but Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Otway, Macklin, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and many other classic playwrights, found a place in the repertory; while of the moderns, Milman, Sheil, Knowles, Talford, Leigh Hunt, Bulwer, Browning, Westland Marston, James White and Tom Taylor, all had their turn. 'Louis XI.' was the only adaptation from the French admitted to the Islington stage, unless we refer 'The Fool's Revenge' to Victor Hugo rather than to Tom Taylor. . . . Phelps humanised and educated his suburban audiences, and he earned the respect of all intelligent men."

At the same time Charles Kean, in his spectacular productions at the Princess's, was yielding without a struggle to the economic pressure which begot the long run and has shaped the history of the London stage for half a century. That the long run has been an unmixed evil I am far from maintaining; but, whatever merits we may allow it, we know that "one good custom may corrupt the world." Long-run theatres will always exist in vast centres of population. They are to be found in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, no less than in London. The mischief is that London alone has yielded itself up entirely to this "one custom," whether good or bad. It had none of the theatrical endowments whereby certain theatres, in the other great capitals, were enabled to resist the economic forces that crushed out every form of theatrical art which had not the making of a sensational success or "boom" in it. The lack of endowment has still to be deplored, though measures are being taken to remedy it. Meantime, with the rise of a new generation of playwrights, too delicate in their effects and too subtle in their criticism of life to appeal to what may be called the hundred-night public, it has become more and more apparent, for the past ten years, that some loophole of escape from the long run must be discovered, else the movement would stagnate and come to naught. Various attempts have been made, with varying degrees of success, to provide such a safety-valve; but it has been reserved for that ever enterprising and sportsmanlike manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, to essay the foundation of a true Repertory Theatre.

Previous efforts in this direction have, for the most part, taken the form of "side-show" enterprises, like the Stage Society, very useful and praiseworthy, but exceedingly restricted in their appeal. We have seen, however, one spirited attempt to fight the long run, not by private co-operation, but in the open market, so to speak—I mean, of course, the ever-memorable Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre. Wherein does Mr. Frohman's enterprise differ from this? Simply in being—what its predecessor was not—a Repertory Theatre. Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker had not the resources to enable them to work on the true repertory system. They had not a large enough stage, a large enough company, or a large enough staff. What they did was, by an immense expenditure of energy and at a great sacrifice of pecuniary profit, to carry on for three seasons a most interesting short-run enterprise. But a short-run system—the policy of mapping out a season into periods of from four to six weeks, and declining to run a play beyond its stated term—is artistically unsatisfactory and financially un-

sound. It involves two evils: taking off a paying play at the height of its vogue, which can scarcely ever be recaptured on revival; and running an unremunerative production through its stated term, on pain of upsetting arrangements and confessing failure. The true repertory system avoids both these evils. It enables a successful play to be repeated three or four times a week until an indefinite number of performances has been attained; while an unsuccessful play can simply fade out of the bills, when the management has assured itself that it is not going to prove attractive. The system of constant alternation secures elasticity and adaptability. Relying on the interest of novelty, Mr. Frohman has announced his programme for three weeks ahead; but under normal conditions, I imagine, the management would scarcely bind itself for more than a fortnight. Many of the great Continental theatres do not announce their repertory for more than a week in advance.

It would be foolish to deny that Mr. Frohman's undertaking will have serious difficulties to contend with. The first and greatest is the difficulty of running a repertory in a theatre constructed with a view to long runs. That was the rock on which Mr. Herbert Trench's ambition foundered. Having set forth to establish the first English repertory theatre, why did Mr. Trench abandon the effort from the very outset, and content himself with becoming a very intelligent and successful long-run manager? Mainly, if not entirely, because he had not at his command the mechanism for running a repertory as he conceived it. The idea of alternating "King Lear," "Don," and "The Blue Bird" at the Haymarket proved to be wildly impossible; and even if he had chosen to restrict himself to more manageable plays than the first and last of these three, it is doubtful whether he could have secured the technical assistance which would alone have enabled him to deal with so difficult a problem. Mr. Frohman, on the other hand, has at the head of his technical staff the two men of all others most competent to grapple with the difficulties of the situation—Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Granville Barker. They have their work cut out for them, but they will do it. After all, when once a start is fairly made, the work will be no heavier than that which fell on Mr. Barker alone at the Court Theatre.

I shall not enlarge on the advantages which Mr. Frohman possesses in the fact that he has so many other enterprises to feed, and (as is proved by the remarkable company he has recruited) so many actors and actresses at his command. But one has only to look at his opening announcement to realise one great advantage which the Repertory Theatre possesses, as compared with the Vedrenne-Barker management, in the far larger stock of probably remunerative matter that it has to draw upon. At the Court, Mr. Bernard Shaw was the financial pillar of the house. He was not the only author who paid, but the only author who paid largely and steadily. On the Duke of York's list, on the other hand, looking only at the authors announced as having new plays in preparation, we find not only Mr. Shaw but at least four others who are quite as likely to attract the paying public. In Mr. Barrie and Mr. Maugham we have absolutely the most popular playwrights of the day; Mr. Galsworthy, the author of "Strife," holds a very different position in the public eye from that which he held when "The Silver Box" was produced at the Court; and Mr. Granville Barker, practically unknown as a playwright when "The Voysey Inheritance" first saw the light, is now, perhaps, the man of all others to whose work the intelligent public looks forward with the keenest interest. I do not mean that financial success is assured in the case of all these writers. Financial success can never be assured for any writer or at any theatre. What I do mean is that, whereas Vedrenne and Barker had to make the reputation of practically all their authors, Mr. Frohman has at his back a compact body of dramatists, all of whom have already their public, and some of them a very large one. It would not be too much to say that there is no single theatre in Europe which has such a remarkable group of men pledged to work for it.

Certainly there is a striking contrast between the authors on Mr. Frohman's list and the living authors of the 'fifties whose plays were produced or revived at Sadler's Wells. On the other hand, the classical drama, on which Phelps mainly relied, is conspicuously absent from the programme of Mr. Frohman's first season. For this there are probably two reasons: first, the superabundance of modern plays to be compressed into a space of less than six months; second, the restricted scenic appliances of the Duke of York's Theatre. The first obstacle is in its nature temporary; the second will doubtless be removed before long, if the intelligent public does its duty and rallies to the support of the undertaking. It is gravely maintained by some people—it was one of the reasons alleged for Mr. Trench's abandonment of his repertory scheme—that the London public will never be at the pains of acquainting itself with the programme of a repertory theatre, and finding out on what nights a particular play is, or is not, to be acted. This is the veriest nonsense. The public is willing enough to find out what is going on at the Opera, at the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory performances, at His Majesty's during Sir Herbert Tree's Shakespeare week. Make your programmes interesting, and the public will be quick enough to study them. But there is one thing some people, even of the more intelligent sort, do not sufficiently realise—namely, the necessity of giving to such an enterprise as this active and constant, instead of casual and careless, support. The Repertory Theatre will scarcely succeed unless it can recruit a staunch inner public which will go to see everything it does. It should be able to rely on a fair number of good houses—say eight or ten—for even its least attractive productions. Let everyone remember this who appreciates the liberality of Mr. Frohman's effort, and realises how much depends on its success. When Hauptmann's "Thieves' Comedy" was produced—and admirably acted—at the Court, practically no one at all went to see it. Should any production at the Duke of York's be so utterly ignored, it will mean that London is not worthy of a Repertory Theatre.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

A SHAM REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Prince Bülow's successor has achieved a great feat. He has disappointed those Liberals who expected next to nothing in the way of Liberal reforms from him. His Bill on the Prussian Electoral Law has at last seen the light, and the verdict of Liberals all round is that it deserves any name but that of a measure of political reform. It is a mere shifting of some sections of the enfranchised population into a higher class of voters, calculated to consolidate the class system of voting and deliberately directed against the working-classes and their party.

One cannot expect a foreigner to dive into all the intricacies of the three-class system of voting as it exists at present in Prussia. It is sufficient to know that the possessors of the franchise vote in three separated classes, graduated according to taxes assessed and having between them equal electoral power, so that on the average in the country 336 voters of the first class have the same voting power as 1202 voters of the second class or 8457 of the third class, and the first and second class together; i.e., 15½ per cent. of the electorate can always outvote the other 84½ per cent. Besides, the vote is open, it must be given in public before the returning officer of the district who registers it, and it is indirect. The voters in each class elect an equal number of members of the electoral college, who afterwards elect the members for the division. The divisions in population and in the amount of taxes paid are as unequal as possible, so that twenty divisions with over a million of voters possessed at the General Election of last year no

more voting power than twenty other divisions with only 174,000 voters. The rural divisions have almost double the number of members as the town divisions which pay more than double the amount of direct taxes into the Exchequer, viz., 412 against 187 millions of marks.

Now the Government Bill maintains the open vote, the class vote, and the unequal divisions. It abolishes the indirect mode of voting, and provides for a different classification of the electorate by which the first class may in future embrace 5 or 6 per cent., and the second class about 20 per cent. of the electorate. In other words, one-fourth instead of one-sixth of the electorate may be in a position to outvote the remainder. The change in the classification of the voters is to be attained by not counting taxes exceeding £250 a year and entitling a number of representative people in town and country—provincial districts and town councillors and magistrates, graduates of the universities and other high colleges, members and some ex-members of the Reichstag and the Prussian diet, officers of the army or the navy of ten years' service—to vote one class higher than they would be enabled to vote by their assessments alone, and by constituting as voters of the second class all people with an income of over £90 a year who have either possessed for at least fifteen years the school certificate for the one year's military service or have been for at least five years entitled to an occupation, in the Civil Service on the ground of at least twelve years' military, naval, &c., service.

Now, what does this mean?

A closer examination of the list of the people enumerated reveals that the second class of voters will, or would, be swamped by people who, by an overwhelming majority, will, or must, vote against democratic and social democratic candidates, and that professors and members of the high and middle bureaucracy, who, by the vagaries of the present system of forming the electoral classes, are exposed to the degradation of having to vote in the third class alongside with their domestics and other common people, will in future be spared this horrible disgrace. In short, the whole reform will consist in clearing the monstrous three-class system of some of its more or less ludicrous excrescences and giving an alloy of mandarinism.

That is how Herr von Bethmann Hollweg proposes to redeem the promise made in the speech from the throne in November, 1908, when it was stated to be the royal will that the electoral system should undergo "an organic development, in accordance with economic evolution, the spread of knowledge and political intelligence, and the growth of responsibility towards the State." Readers of THE NATION remember, perhaps, what I wrote when Herr von Bethmann Hollweg took the Chancellorship. I said that in place of Bülow, the diplomatist aiming at modernism, we had a shrewd East-Elbe bureaucrat. The whole measure is calculation, calculation, calculation—with utter barrenness of creative statesmanship.

At the end of last year an official return was published, giving an analysis of the Prussian General Election of 1908. According to it, the principal parties received votes and seats:—

	Votes.	Seats.
Old Conservatives ...	354,786	152
Liberal Conservatives ...	63,612	60
Catholic Centre ...	499,343	104
National Liberals ...	318,589	65
Freisinnige ...	120,593	36
Poles, Danes, Guelphs ...	226,248	19
Social Democrats ...	598,522	7

With far fewer votes than the Social Democrats, the two Conservative parties shared between them almost half the seats of the whole Diet, whilst the Social Democrats got but seven seats, one of which has since been invalidated and lost at the by-election; so that the party which, in spite of open and controlled voting, received more votes than any other party, has only, say, six members in a House of 443. That is how the present system works. One can understand that a Conservative State Minister should shrink from granting democratic, equal, and universal suffrage, or

from making a leap in the dark where a Socialistic party of such strength as the Social Democratic party in Prussia fights in implacable opposition to the established institutions of the State. Nobody expected a Radical democratic measure from the present or any other Government of Wilhelm II. But even a Conservative statesman ought to understand that at least some proportionate representation of the ideas and tendencies agitating the people is an absolute necessity in a modern State. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg does not see it, or, if he sees it, he dares not act accordingly, for fear of his Junkers.

It is very doubtful whether the Bill, if it becomes law, will in any degree worth mentioning increase Social Democratic representation in the Diet. It may even annihilate some of the paltry privileges already obtained. The Bill prescribes that in the electoral division the votes of each class shall be calculated in percentages, and that the candidate who has obtained in the average of the three classes more than fifty per cent. of the votes, shall be declared elected. Consequently, a candidate who in the third class of a division has obtained 75 per cent., in the second class 54 per cent. of the votes, will yet be beaten if of the votes given in the first class—the big taxpayers, the high officials, &c.—he does not obtain more than 21 per cent. of the votes, which is all but unthinkable. The shifting of the above-named notables and lower officials into higher classes of voters than their assessments would justify, will only worsen the chances of the Socialist and Labor candidates.

Thus the Bill is a slap in the face of Prussian Social Democracy. As an answer to their great demonstrations for a democratic franchise reform, it offers them stones instead of bread. It is unthinkable that the Prussian workers will let such a measure pass without demonstrations of vigorous protest. On several occasions of late they have shown a much more refractory temper than at any time during the present generation. It is possible that disturbances or commotions of a graver kind may break out in the shape of a political strike, or some similar interruption of the everyday life of the body politic. But nothing of the kind can be predicted for certain, and still less is it possible to predict whether the action of the mass will be powerful and impressive enough to influence the vote of the legislators.

The disposition of the latter is known. The Conservatives want "no change," or a change that changes nothing. The National Liberals want a pluralistic vote in favor of the professional classes, and a redistribution of seats in favor of the towns. The Catholic Centre objects to a redistribution of seats, but has no objection to a more democratic franchise. This opposition of interests will almost to a certainty lead to a good deal of intrigue in the House when the Bill goes into committee, and has afterwards to pass the Herrenhouse, the Prussian House of Lords. A leader of the Liberal Conservatives, Herr von Zedlitz-Neukirch, has already, in "Der Tag," mapped out a plan for the prevention of any effective reform. He was prudent enough to present it in the shape of a conjecture as to how the Catholic Centre may proceed; but it was evident that the wish was father of the thought. This did not hinder the Radical Press from crying "treachery" against the Centre—the most foolish thing they could do at the present juncture. For with the present voting power of parties in the Landtag, a reform of any value can only be forced upon the Government by an understanding of the genuine Liberals with the Centre.

The three things, democratisation of the franchise, the secret ballot, and the redistribution of seats, will not pass through the mill of this Prussian Diet all at once. But for the first two measures the Catholic Centre can be won, and a majority of the Landtag can be got together, if the National Liberals agree. It is they who, much more than the Centre, block the way to a democratic reform. Just as the Conservatives wave the red rag to frighten the tradesmen and the farmers, they swing the black rag to blind the enlightened Liberal Philistine. The effects of their senseless game are the real danger of the hour as far as the question of the

Prussian franchise is concerned, and notwithstanding the bragging of that insipid Junker, Herr von Aldenburg-Januschan, it is the Prussian Landtag where the great questions of the policy of the German Empire are decided.—Yours, &c.,
ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, February 6th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "MITIGATION" OF THE VETO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I should like to suggest to Liberal statesmen that they might do well to strive, not for the absolute destruction, but for the mitigation of the Lords' power of veto.

How would such a modification of the Constitution as this work? The Peers have one opportunity of meeting the proposals of the Commons with a simple negative; but if the same measure be presented to them a second time, after a given interval, it may then be rejected only by a majority of a certain size, say, three-fourths or even four-fifths. This is not absolutely to remove the weir which checks the flow of the stream, but greatly to lower it; and, at any rate, as a *modus vivendi* between an Upper House which, as at present constituted, will always be preponderantly Conservative, and a Lower House which often will be preponderantly Liberal, it would seem to offer some hopes of adjustment.

From the point of view of a public-spirited Peer who cares somewhat for the dignity of his order, it would have the advantage of lessening the probability of these wholesale creations of new Peers with which that order is now periodically threatened.—Yours, &c.,
HISTORICUS.

February 9th, 1910.

THE SECRECY OF THE BALLOT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is, I think, clear, as urged in your columns by "Liberal" and Mr. J. R. Tomlinson, that if the voting papers in any small district, such as a village, can be so examined as to see how the village has voted, it becomes possible to put serious collective pressure upon the voters in such village. I was sensible of this danger at the time the Ballot Bill was before Parliament, and wrote to Mr. E. A. Leatham respecting it. To meet the difficulty he drafted a proviso which was accepted and embodied in the Bill to the effect that the whole of the voting papers should be mixed before counting. I cannot here (Mentone) refer to the Ballot Act, but feel sure that it will be found to contain this proviso.—Yours, &c.,
J. R.

February 6th, 1910.

[Our correspondent is quite right. The words of the Act are as follows: "Before the returning officer proceeds to count the votes, he shall, in the presence of the agents of the candidates, open each ballot box, and, taking out the papers therein, shall count and record the number thereof, and then mix together the whole of the ballot papers contained in the ballot boxes."—ED., *NATION*.]

THE GLADSTONE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Gladstone League, arising out of the Gladstone Fund and commemorating the centenary of Gladstone's birth, has now been formally constituted, with Mr. Lloyd George as President; and we venture to appeal to the readers of *THE NATION* to join and support it.

The object of the League is to organise a national movement for the defence of the liberties of the people, to educate the democracy, and to combat the methods of intimidation and social pressure so unscrupulously employed during the recent election. It will devote its main energies to the rural districts, where the need is greatest.

Among its specific tasks will be:—

1. The vindication of the secrecy of the ballot, the collection of evidence of bribery and intimidation, and the pro-

vision of legal advice and practical assistance for those who suffer for their political opinions.

2. The promotion of a policy of land reform which shall give the people access to the soil and secure to the public a fair share of the values which are created by the activities of the community.

3. The defence of the food of the people from taxation.

These vital objects can only be secured by the organisation of a great scheme of democratic propaganda in town and village, carried out by a network of agencies throughout the country, and co-ordinated from a central office in London.

Membership of the League is open to all subscribers of one shilling a year. Those who can afford more are urged to contribute more, as the expenses will be heavy. Workers are needed no less than money. The defence of their liberties must be taken up in earnest by the people themselves; and it is to organise the people that the League has been established.

Subscriptions, donations, and promises should be sent to the Treasurer, Gladstone League, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL,
G. P. GOOCH,

Hon. Treasurers.

February 10th, 1910.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS AND THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—When I read the correspondence in the daily, and other, papers on the result of the elections in rural England, I marvel at the complete detachment of many of our politicians from country humanity. They seem to have no conception of what has been happening in the villages to cause so many people to change their minds about the virtues of the Liberal Party.

The matter is very simple. Two years ago a wave of almost passionate enthusiasm passed over the countryside. The men learnt from Liberal speakers that an Act of Parliament had been passed which would give them the chance of a lifetime in a piece of land, and perhaps a cottage. Moreover, they were told, as indeed the Act appears to direct, that if the County Councils did not put the law into force, in six months the Board of Agriculture could do so. Thus the men were at last to be freed from dependence and poverty and to be saved from the necessity of sending their children to the towns and over the seas.

Actual applicants for land were, on the whole, few, averaging about two per parish throughout the country, but for one who dared ask there were a dozen who decided to wait and see what happened. There must have been at least 100,000 men who wanted land. What has been the fate of the applicants? With some exceptions, a tragedy, that few have followed. For, so far, outside some dozen counties in England and Wales, no appreciable attempt has been made to secure the people land. The unfortunate men, alternately despairing and hoping, have meanwhile been subject to every sort of spiteful attack, of insult, and of petty persecution at the hands of County Councillors, farmers, landlords, and officials. Even when the applicant has not actually been made to suffer in pocket, he has been made the butt of everyone's jokes; whilst of the few men who have got land many have been forced to take it on most unfair terms. Appeals to the Board of Agriculture have in almost all cases been quite futile, for the applicants have very generally been ignored and often sharply snubbed. The attitude of the officials has caused grave and widespread distrust. All this greatly discredited the Liberals, for it had been fully explained by Liberal speakers the previous year and was fairly well understood that the Board of Agriculture had the complete control of the working of the Act, and the more intelligent applicants realised that the Government were alone responsible for its administration and for its failure.

So it will be realised that a considerable section of our country electors were in no very good humor at Christmas last.

"The Small Holdings business is the Old Age Pensions

business over again," said a keen country working-man politician well known as a Radical; "the Tories promised Old Age Pensions, and the Liberals gave it; now the Liberals have promised the land and perhaps the Tories will give it. Anyway, it's worth trying." He voted Tory, and by now he may have got his land, for a good deal has been doled out this winter, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, much more land will be given out by landlords in the next twelve months than has ever been got by the Liberals' Small Holdings Act. Another man I knew, a splendid fellow and an ardent Liberal, started canvassing—he worked like a slave for a fortnight. "Many men who wanted land and had not got it voted Tory," he told me afterwards; "I know that for a fact. When I went to talk to the men," he continued, "they used to say, 'What about your small holdings?' and then I had to shut up." It was notorious in the district that the County Council had hung up his application for two years, because of a personal objection of a member of their committee, and that an effort was being made to deprive him of his allotment and so drive him out of the village. Similar stories, showing how men voted come to me from many constituencies. But we country people are told by the town politicians that elections turn on other matters, and we were beaten by bribery and intimidation. There was certainly some bribery and a good deal of intimidation. An old friend of mine got at election time an allotment from the squire, two shillings out of a Tariff Reform agent, and two days off from his employer to work on his land—and yet he voted Liberal. Three men, I am told on good evidence, in the neighboring parish were had up together before their employer and given to understand that one would be sacked if the Liberals got in. Consider the cruelty of that way of putting it. But I doubt if there was more intimidation than usual. There was certainly not so much as in 1885; only, people notice it more nowadays.

Why we lost was, partly at any rate, this, when one got outside the political ring one found that the backs of the natural leaders of the men were broken by the action of the Government in refusing to put the Small Holdings Act into force, and their hearts were sore at the personal insults which had been showered upon them. They felt themselves deserted by the party they had so ardently supported; and though many did vote for us, they showed no fight against the campaign of lies carried on against us. The curious can take up the last report of the Board of Agriculture on the administration of the Small Holdings Act, and compare it with the result of the elections. In Norfolk, Lincoln, Gloucestershire, Somerset, and Cambridgeshire, where the Small Holdings Act has been administered in spite of the inertia of the Board, there has not been the serious relapse that occurred in other counties. In East Cambridgeshire a seat was lost to a Tory member of the Small Holdings Committee of the County Council, who made the most at the election of the success of his Committee. In Sussex, Surrey, and Suffolk, where practically nothing is being done, the Liberals have lost everything, and the same is true of Kent, where the administration has been tainted with most serious evils. A return of the actual number of applicants settled on the land, in the various constituencies, would be invaluable to country members and Liberal organisers. I am myself surprised the Liberals did so well. Six months ago they would, I think, have done far worse, but there is no doubt that the Budget helped them, and they have certainly gained ground recently. It is interesting to observe that the Women's Liberal Federation seemed to have grasped the situation some time ago, and issued last year a very instructive circular on the subject. Even now it seems doubtful whether Liberals will proceed to secure the administration of this Act. If they do not there will be further disaster. They would do well to act without a day's delay, and, recognising that the Board of Agriculture, being in essence a Tory body, has scotched the Act, should proceed to appoint an entirely new set of Commissioners to go at once into the villages, confer with the applicants, and give the six months' notices needed to put the Act into force, before the end of the month, and so secure that all applicants get their land this year. Has the party the pluck and energy to do it!—Yours, &c.,

A COUNTRY LIBERAL.

February 9th, 1910.

THE MEANING OF THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many people will be asking the question why has Scotland remained so true to the Liberal cause when so little has been done for Scotland by the Liberal Party. I have taken a small part in four English elections, and previously I have been amongst the Scottish people in the north. There have been various causes at work in moulding the thought of the people, but I think that I should put in the first place their religion. The Free Church of Scotland has, for nearly a hundred years, been a great educating force in the country. It has taught the people to think, and to think for themselves, and to stand alone in great crises. The difference in intelligence between the standpoint in Birmingham and that of Scotland is a century at least. As an illustration of this I will give two remarks made to myself in the two different districts. One was by a northern laborer, who said, "Yes, we know now the value of the vote, and we mean to hold on to it." A young man who keeps a quite respectable and tidy shop, in reply to a suggestion that his newspaper might have misled him, remarked "If I cannot believe in the (Birmingham) 'Daily Mail' there is nothing left to believe in." The religious life of Scotland is a great factor in the life of the people. It stands behind it, in the place of the daily paper, which is the gospel (and what a poor and sordid gospel!) in Birmingham. Another, and an enormous, influence, in forming the mind of Scotland, has been the rise of the deer forest. The deer forest has broken the loyalty and affection between the classes—the old feudal feeling which lived on so long in the north is gone. It must be remembered, to understand this, how the great value of the deer forest came about. When, through the introduction of steam power, foreign produce was brought to our doors (to the great advantage of the poorer classes), the cultivation of the land at home on the old lines became less productive, and the landlords in Scotland and Ireland had to look about for some way to restore their lessening incomes. In Ireland, the war of the classes began, and the vast emigration of the people, which has really solved the land question by raising the value of labor beyond what the landlords were prepared to pay. This (I am told) decided them to part with the land.

In Scotland, a different solution was found for land difficulties in the rise of the millionaire. The demand for sport and for pleasure places for the *nouveaux riches* offered to the Scottish landlord an income too tempting to be resisted. The old owner flitted from the home, taking with him all the old ties to his dependents and the sense of responsibility which had grown up with the centuries of contact, and the wealthy tenant, with new ideas, took his place. Thirty years ago I remember that, as I climbed the high stone stairs in the tall houses in Florence, I used to read the names, on visiting cards, nailed on the doors, of the old Highland chiefs. Round Florence, too, the houses were largely inhabited by the old Scottish families. As time went on the demand for the deer forests continued, and it became necessary to take in waste land, and to clear out the people. Financially this was very profitable, and no one saw then that it was effecting a much more important change at the same time. It was breaking for ever the old feudal ties between the classes; it was teaching the people to stand alone and to fight for themselves; it was, eventually, to send back to the Parliament of Great Britain a Government who must break the power of the great landlord, and release the land for the people.

Surely Scotland is not to save cheap bread for the people and to receive no reward? Those of us who know how deeply this question has sunk into the hearts of the Scottish people, and who have heard them say with tears in their eyes, "It cannot be for long, it cannot be for long, that this will go on, that the people of the soil must give place to the deer," think that the election of 1910 is the first step of retribution, the beginning of the end.

Other signs are not lacking of a decay of a system which has always been an unnatural one. "We find," said one of the large landowners, "that our tenants are becoming much more exigent." "They require motor-cars to take them up to their shootings: instead of its being a favor to introduce them to old families, the favor is now considered to be all the other way." The feeling is again becoming strained

between landlord and tenant. "These aliens will not take our side if our nations should go to war," said the owner of many shooting lodges. Moreover, motor-cars and flying machines are changing the playing grounds of the very wealthy, and Scottish shootings may cease to command such high rents. But all the while the other side of the story goes on. Thousands of young people are leaving the north and carrying to their new homes the bitter feeling the Irish took to America. Truly there is little hope for the Tariff Reform van which is about to wend its way to the far villages of Scotland.

Scottish people have long memories, and they do not want to "tax the foreigner," for he has nothing to do with their troubles. They only want the use of their own land again. They "know the value of the vote, and they mean to hold on to it."

History can give the Liberal reformer no more splendid lesson than the story that lies behind the Scotland of 1910.—Yours, &c.,

ENGLISH LIBERAL.

February 8th, 1910.

THE COUNTY ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—What Sir F. A. Channing says about our losses in agricultural constituencies receives confirmation from the way in which East Dorset was held, and a majority of 19 turned into one of 426. Here, the sitting member would have had little chance, but a fresh candidate, working as the Hon. Captain Guest did, achieved a splendid success.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Parkstone, February 9th, 1910.

A FORECAST.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—The readers of *THE NATION* may remember that in your issue of November 6th I predicted:—

- (a) That the Lords would reject the Budget in November.
- (b) That there would be a General Election in January.
- (c) That the Conservatives would win several seats in London.
- (d) That the Conservatives would win several seats in the Home Counties.
- (e) That the political position in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland would remain virtually unchanged.
- (f) That the Government would have a majority of about 140.

I think I may fairly claim that no published prophecy has proved more accurate, which was also the case with a forecast that I published in the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore concerning the elections of 1906.

With reference to the present political position, I think that two courses are open to the Prime Minister; the first being to decline forming a Cabinet unless he receives certain guarantees concerning the use of the royal prerogative, the second being to pass the Budget, and then to pass a Bill to prohibit any future interference on the part of the Lords with finance, reserving the general treatment of legislation by the Upper House for a second session. The first is the more heroic; but the second appears to me the more practicable, and therefore the more practical. Moreover, it would probably prove more simple to reform the constitution of the Upper Chamber than to alter the relations of the two Houses. One useful means of reducing both the influence and the numbers of the peers would be to revive the ancient royal prerogative of restricting the writs of summons, and so arriving at an Upper Chamber that should be at once more dignified and impartial, and less obstructive.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BROOKES.

27, Park Road, Richmond,
February 9th, 1910.

RED RUBBER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—While a feature in the Stock Exchange at the present time is what is described as "a boom in rubber," and new companies are being continually floated and fortunes

made, I do not find that any adequate attention is being paid to the labor conditions under which rubber is produced and these profits are being piled up. I venture, therefore, to ask the hospitality of your columns to invite consideration to the very serious tale of misery and wrong which has been disclosed in the development of this enterprise.

It is needless to do more than refer to the outrageous conditions which have been shown to prevail in the Congo State. But the cruel oppression which is alleged to be inflicted in South America is less well known. Charges of a circumstantial character have been brought forward in regard to the methods by which extortionate quantities of rubber are demanded from the natives by "chiefs" under barbarous penalties, including flogging, mutilation, torture, and death. These alleged misdeeds formed the subject of a question put by Mr. Hart-Davies in the House of Commons on October 21st last, and it is understood that the Foreign Office are inquiring into the matter. More recently, harrowing revelations of cruelty in Mexico have been brought to light in an article in the "American Magazine" of February by Mr. Harman Whitaker, who has just returned from a tour of the rubber plantations in that country, where he was an eye-witness of what he relates. I have only read extracts from that article, which have been reproduced in England. Mr. Whitaker declares that men, women, and children are being worked to death daily in the plantations, and he gives horrible details, too long for quotation here, of what is going on.

So much for labor conditions in foreign countries. I come now to territories under the control of the Colonial Office, and it is to be observed that the present boom relates principally to the Federated Malay States and the Indian Archipelago. There we have little or no information of what is being done. But in answer to a question put by myself in the House of Commons, also on October 21st last, it was stated that the rate of mortality among Indian indentured laborers employed in the Federated Malay States during the year 1908 was 84·8 per thousand. This is the death rate among adults and in the prime of life. It is an appalling figure and reveals an amount of misery and suffering dreadful to contemplate. It is a result that not unusually accompanies the employment of indentured labor, especially in a new enterprise. It is an aspect of the labor problem which calls for the earnest consideration of those who have lately made gigantic profits and whose "hundreds," as we are told, "are now worth thousands." I am thankful to hear that the matter has not escaped the attention of the authorities in India, who have placed themselves in communication with the Colonial Office for the protection of their Indian subjects. I know that Colonel Seely was fully alive to the grave situation involved, but it is no simple or easy task that the Colonial Office are now called on to undertake. The inherent vice of indentured labor is so deep-seated, the circumstances of rubber production are so special, and so many scandalous incidents are associated with the management of rubber plantations in other parts of the world where the credit of humanity has been staked and lost, that it will need more than ordinary vigilance, firmness, and publicity to ensure that the good name of British enterprise in this direction shall be beyond reproach.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY COTTON.

February 6th, 1910.

RELIGION WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As one who is personally no ardent admirer of the Anglican communion, I have no quarrel with the strictures of the writer of the article in last week's issue of *THE NATION* which bears the title "A Decent Church." But may I be suffered to point out that he has fallen into an error in his interpretation of the precise import of the word "enthusiasm," as it stands chiselled on the tombstone in Little Stanmore Church to which he refers? This is one of those cases, so familiar to the student of Alexandrian Greek or Silver Age Latin, where the exact meaning of a word depends on an accurate ascertainment of the date of the document in which we encounter it.

Careful students of English literature will have noted

in the course of their reading that "enthusiasm" is one of those words that have advanced in reputation within a comparatively recent period. Until the early part of the nineteenth century it almost always conveyed an unfavorable sense, much as the word *fanaticism* now does. In the Century Dictionary the reader will find *sub voce* quotations from Henry More, Locke, and Shaftesbury which agree in describing it as a deluded state of mind except when used for "poetical afflatus"; the examples furnished in the New Oxford Dictionary, in one of which Doddridge speaks of enthusiasm as a thing against which it becomes Christian people to be "on their guard," show this to have been its accepted connotation. Accordingly, Dr. Johnson, with an eye to its etymology, defines it in this connection as a "vain confidence of divine favor or communication." So recently as 1829, when Isaac Taylor published his "Natural History of Enthusiasm," he protests against the use of the word in a good sense, insisting that "where there is no error of imagination, no misjudging of realities, no calculations which reason condemns, there is no enthusiasm." Worshipping "common sense," it was, indeed, but natural that the eighteenth century should rate enthusiasm among the vices; and it is only since then that the *norma loquendi* has changed.

Enough has been said to show that your contributor is mistaken in assuming that at that date "religion without enthusiasm" meant what it now means—religion without fervor or passion.—Yours, &c.,
E. K. S.

January 31st, 1910.

AT THE DOOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the lines "At the Door," by "R. L. G.," surely the writer ought to have acknowledged his indebtedness to the quaint old French song which begins:—

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami, Pierrot!
Prêtez moi ta plume,
Pour écrire un mot—
Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu—
Ouvrez moi la porte,
Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

—Yours, &c.,

February 2nd, 1910.

FRANCES F. HOUSMAN.

[The poem was on the face of it an adaptation of the verses which our correspondent quotes.—ED., NATION.]

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the review of "Religion and the Modern World" in THE NATION of January 29th, is the expression "Historic Religions" in the plural?

Now it appears to me there can be only *one* religion in the world, and that is the *doing* of what is thoroughly believed to be the *will of God, our Heavenly Father*. If we love God with all our heart and mind and strength, and also our neighbor; if we visit the widow and orphan in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world; and if we keep the "golden rule" of doing to others as we would wish that they should do unto us in similar circumstances, what more "religion" can any person want? Theology is not necessarily religion.—Yours, &c.,
E.

February 1st, 1910.

GLADSTONE'S SINGING VOICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice that Mr. G. W. E. Russell, the intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone for many years, in an address at Walworth in connection with the Gladstone Centenary Commemoration, stated the interesting fact that a great deal of Mr. Gladstone's recreation was devoted to the contemplation of music. But he would appear to have been a singer,

as well as a student, according to the following extract from the Greville Memoirs, bearing date September 30th, 1854:—

"The Gladstones came here on Wednesday. No one can dispute his extraordinary capacity, but I think there may be much difference of opinion as to the charm of his society. He has a melodious voice in speaking, but I was not prepared to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer warble a sentimental ballad accompanied by his wife."

Another diarist has the following, under date January 14th, 1868:—

"On Saturday we drove to Hawarden, to an amateur concert, chiefly by Mr. Gladstone's children and their cousins, the Lytteltons and Glynnes. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone joined in the choruses, but the chief treat was to hear him take the solo in two verses of the National Anthem—viz., 'Thy choicest gifts in store,' and 'May she defend our laws.' His voice was soft and extremely pleasant to listen to. Of the multitudes who have listened to his speaking voice, but few have heard him sing."

I fancy these facts will come as a revelation to most people, although those who heard him speak often must have noticed a musical quality in his voice, especially in his earlier years, and indeed we gather from Mr. Russell's remarks that he was admired as a singer when he was member for Newark.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

February 5th, 1910.

SCOTTISH LIBERAL JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is there no journalist in the whole of the United Kingdom sufficiently enterprising to start a Scotch Liberal penny daily newspaper? It is very painful, especially at such a crisis as a General Election, to have no resource but the "Scotsman" and the "Herald," which spend their time in sneering at Scotland's consistent Liberalism? Scotland shows its hearty disapproval of the House of Lords, and votes solidly for temperance reform and Free Trade, while its leading papers truckle to the Lords, and pour contempt on progressive ideas. Can we not have a paper which would express Scottish opinion, instead of deriding it?—Yours, &c.,
ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

February 7th, 1910.

[The Liberal daily press in Scotland certainly wants strengthening, though such papers as the "Dundee Advertiser" possess all the qualities of able and informed journalism.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

THE SUBURB.

ALL wild it lay not long ago,
In billowing curve and dip.
Where houses brood, the sweet hedgerow
Of hawthorn bush was seen,
And the white road was used to slip
Through golden hills and green.

A cottage, pinafores with rose,
Knelt under Balham Hill,
And where the tiresome traffic flows
Were many liliated lanes,
Echoing the throstle's raptured trill
To April's jewelling rains.

And still, though wire and petrol rage,
And many chimneys loom;
And surly smokes their struggles wage,
Over the grey bricks blowing—
Her streets, for me, are all abloom
With flowers of childhood's growing.

THOMAS BURKE.

February 8th, 1910.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of Lord Kelvin." By Silvanus P. Thompson. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
 "The Story of the Negro." By Booker T. Washington. (Unwin. 2 vols. 10s. net.)
 "English Poor Law Policy." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Works of 'Fiona Macleod.'" Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. Vol. I. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers." (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
 "Zambezia." By R. C. F. Maugham. (Murray. 15s. net.)
 "Rest and Unrest." By Edward Thomas. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Faith and Modern Thought." By William Temple. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "A Call: The Tale of Two Passions." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
 "L'Echec de la Restauration Monarchique en 1873." Par Arthur Loth. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)
 "L'Evolution de la Mémoire." Par Henri Piéron. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)
 "Charlotte Corday." Par Henri d'Almérás. (Paris: Librairie des Annales. 3fr. 50.)

THE first number of a penny weekly journal, to be called "The Literary Post: A Weekly Newspaper," will appear next month. The venture will be a true newspaper, but it will only record events of literary interest. Reviews will form an important feature, and books of outstanding value are to receive special treatment. We wish "The Literary Post" a prosperous career.

NAPOLEON as a man of letters is a theme that has the merit of freshness, and in treating of it in the introduction to "Napoleon in his own Defence," Mr. Clement Shorter deals with what is to most people an unknown side of the Emperor's activity. Mr. Shorter's book is a reprint of the 1817 "Letters from the Cape," which were attributed both to O'Meara and Las Cases, but are now known to be by Napoleon. A French critic claims that the two greatest letter writers of the nineteenth century were Napoleon and Paul Louis Courier, and he adds that the "Correspondance" of the former is "the most instructive that can be offered to a serious man to reflect upon." Another interesting fact is that in his early years Napoleon wrote a novel called "The Count of Essex."

ANOTHER book on Napoleon, to be published almost immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is Mr. Tighe Hopkins's "The Women Napoleon Loved." Mr. Hopkins claims that, while the French themselves have discussed Napoleon's love affairs with native candor, the subject has not been dealt with before by an English pen.

MESSRS. METHUEN's spring list contains fewer biographies than usual. Indeed there are but four books classed under the heading "Biography and Memoirs"—"The Fascinating Duc De Richelieu," by Mr. H. Noel Williams; "Famous Blue-Stockings," by Miss Ethel Rolt Wheeler; "Dean Swift," by Miss Sophie Shilleto Smith, and "Edward, the Black Prince," by Mr. R. P. Dunn-Pattison. In the first of these Mr. Noel Williams has chosen a capital subject, for the career of Louis François Armand du Plessis, Maréchal, Duc de Richelieu, offers a combination of heroism and profligacy which an expert biographer can turn to advantage. He was, as Mr. Noel Williams says, the most notorious Lovelace of his age, but he had also a distinguished military career, undertook several diplomatic missions, was the friend of Voltaire and the philosophers, and had a hand in nearly every Court intrigue of his time. He had, moreover, the reputation of a wit, but this Horace Walpole disallowed, for, in a letter to Conway in 1765, he describes him as "an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavoring to brush itself up," and adds, "he put me in mind of Lord Chesterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has said—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards."

THE famous blue-stockings of whom Miss Wheeler writes are the three great blue-stocking hostesses, Mrs. Montagu,

Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Vesey, and a number of their guests, including Hannah More, Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Delany, and Mrs. Chapone. Mrs. Montagu, "the female Mæcenas of Hill Street," as Hannah More called her, was to some extent a rival of Mrs. Thrale for Dr. Johnson's attentions. Johnson praised her conversation, but discountenanced her attempts at authorship. When Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked that her "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare" did its authoress honor, Johnson's reply was: "It does *her* honor, but it would do honor to nobody else." Mrs. Thrale has been recently paid court to by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, who has recorded her virtues and qualities in one of his introductions. Mrs. Vesey, Fanny Burney tells us, "united the unguardedness of childhood to a Hibernian bewilderment of ideas which cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation." The burlesque situations were not visible to Miss Carter. "There is nothing of mere vulgar mortality about our Sylph," she wrote. Poor Mrs. Vesey proved the contrary by dying in a literary as well as in a physical sense, but her literary resurrection along with the other "blues" at Miss Wheeler's hands can hardly fail to provide entertainment to a less sentimental generation.

THE interest caused by the publication of the two volumes of Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life" has led Lady Dorchester to prepare a further instalment of her father's memoirs for the press. Two fresh volumes will appear this spring through Mr. Murray. They cover the ten years from 1822 to 1832, and will include an account of Byron's last days, as well as a history of the political movements that led up to Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Act. A number of incidents and anecdotes of George IV., William IV., Wellington, Canning, Peel, Lord and Lady Holland, and other leading personages of the period are promised.

M. ROSTAND's "Chantecler" will be published in volume form towards the end of the month by Messrs. Fasquelle. Advance orders to the number of 30,000 have been already received for the expensive first edition, though an edition at a cheaper price will be issued simultaneously with it. Messrs. Lafitte announce an illustrated edition of M. Rostand's complete works, together with a supplementary volume called "La Vie et l'Œuvre d'Edmond Rostand," by M. Emile Faguet, publication of which will begin on April 1st next.

AN edition of the Revised New Testament, with fuller references, is to be issued by the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. The work of drawing up marginal references was entrusted by the New Testament Company of Revisers to Dr. Scrivener and Professor Moulton in 1873, but it had not been completed when the Revised Version was published in 1896, so that only abridged references were then given. Professor Moulton's son, Dr. J. H. Moulton, and Dr. Greenup have since been associated with the work, and the fuller references now promised are certain to be a great help to students of the New Testament.

JUDGING from the number of anthologies of French verse that have been issued in this country during the past few years, English readers are not so blind to the beauties of French poetry as is commonly supposed. "The Oxford Book of French Verse," and Mr. F. Y. Eccles's "A Century of French Poets" are two good recent collections. Messrs. Chatto & Windus promise us another, to be called "An Anthology of French Verse." The editor, Mr. C. B. Lewis, has paid special attention to the older poets, and has aided, by notes and other helps, to make them easy for readers who have but a small knowledge of the old language.

A NEW book on the old question of the immortality of the soul is announced by Messrs. Harpers. It gives the views of a number of representative American thinkers, among them being Mr. Henry James, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. H. M. Alden, Mr. John Bigelow, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others.

Reviews.

THE IDEA OF A FREE CHURCH.*

THE untheological reader will be misled if he turns away from "The Idea of a Free Church" on account of what may seem to him an unpromising name. Borrow's "Bible in Spain" tells us much of Spain and little of the Bible—hence, perhaps, its popularity as a "Sunday book." We will not say that Mr. Sturt tells us little of his Ideal Free Church, but certainly he tells us much of other and more interesting subjects, and that in a singularly interesting way. The book is an acute and outspoken criticism of current moral and religious ideas, and it possesses, in an exceptional degree, two merits rarely found in literature of the order to which it belongs—style and humor. The former is easy and clear—not a sentence has to be read twice to get at its meaning; the latter is incisive. We shall not soon forget the philosopher whose main interest in a question is "that there are at least two sides to it," and "whose wisdom is of the kind that suits best with a soft Scotch accent"; or "the widespread habit of Mental Indirection"; or the description of the Church of England as "the most ladylike of Churches"; or the contention that a youth spent in ministry is not the best preparation for the ministry, because "after some years of platitudinising the habit becomes difficult to shake off." And could the pseudo-asceticism not unfrequently found among persons the reverse of ascetic be more happily taken off than here?—

"A taste, for it goes with a taste for the finer sorts of bric-à-brac, for a suit of armor to stand in the hall, or an antique prie-dieu for the drawing-room, quaint old things pleasingly incongruous with the civilisation into which they have survived. This sentiment we find most strongly in places where, superficially, we should least expect it. Very worldly and frivolous people, decadents famous for vice and worse, like to think occasionally of nuns whose lives are meekness, vigilance, chastity, and perpetual adoration before the altar.

"Calm, sad, secure, behind high convent walls,
Those watch the sacred lamp; these watch and pray."

Nor is it the vicious only and the perverse in whom this paradox shows itself.

"Deep down in the smuggest souls there lives the elemental delight of imposture, the still silent joy of participating in a common consecrated act of make-belief. Principles of grasping self-assertion all the week; principles of utter self-renunciation in church-time: the more absolute the contrast, the keener the relish of relief. To some natures all this serves as a substitute for romance."

The upshot of Mr. Sturt's criticism of Christianity is that "it is unfree; that is, it does not give proper recognition to the personal will, but rather regards it as a thing to be diminished and depressed." The purpose of his book is "to suggest a religion and a church more satisfactory than the Christian"; and its fundamental proposition is that "the welfare of civilised men lies in the principle of freedom; that is, in the proper development of every essential part of human nature under the guidance of the individual judgment." If, as a safeguard against individualism, we add to this proposition the words, *in vital connection with the best judgment of the community*, it may be accepted, while the author's confession that these inquiries were suggested to him by "the unreality and futility of the ordinary sermon," will predispose not a few church-goers in their favor. Our comment would be the suggestion that his sermon-tasting has been done in England, not in Scotland. If, however, his dream of a church whose pulpit shall be open to its members without distinction of office or sex should be realised, the refuge of slumber might become impossible, and the remedy be worse than the disease.

It is not only the dogmas and the institutions of the Churches that need criticism: a religious reconstruction that stops short of ethics will break down, and will deserve to break down. It is its insistence on this that is the distinctive point and merit of Mr. Sturt's book. It overflows with sound and pertinent ethical maxims.

* "The Idea of a Free Church." By Henry Sturt. The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. 5s. net.

"Freedom is the right to do; it is not the right wholly to abstain from doing.

"Systematic bodily exercise is one of the surest marks of high civilisation, and the best natural antidote to what may be classed together as the servile physical vices, those of sloth, gluttony, dirt, and drinking.

"Teutonic self-assertion was wanting to the ancients.

"It is healthy for every man to have a large circle of people whom he regards as interesting.

"There are sections of the community who want exhorting not to be feeble. The character of our middle class, the class that has been softened by trade and sedentary occupation, is seriously marred by a strain of fat self-indulgence and flabby humanitarianism.

"Early piety is quite a morbid phenomenon.

"Protracted celibacy tends to produce a notable deterioration of character: the man whose soul and body have never thrilled with that magic (love) has not lived to the full, and, as age comes on, can escape moral and intellectual degeneration only by a half miracle.

"Incontinence prevails most where men have least opportunity to use their higher powers. A religion which would stimulate our energy towards great enterprises would do more for clean living than any amount of pietistic exhortation.

"The man who takes no interest in politics should be marked with a stigma, like the man who has no love of children and no zeal for business efficiency.

"The man who willfully refuses the duty of fatherhood incurs a heavy responsibility, and stands as one who may be called upon peremptorily to justify his position. It should not be easy for him to be regarded as in the fullest sense religious or a good citizen: most emphatically he should not set up as a moral teacher and preacher."

Some of these are truths that emphatically require saying, and they could not be better said.

The criticism that suggests itself on the main contention—i.e., that "the Christian religion is obsolete"—is that Mr. Sturt sees this religion out of perspective. There are other factors in history and experience. Malebranche saw all things in God; but nothing less can serve as the universal mirror. The defects with which we credit religion are often those of human nature, which also contains their correctives; and it is a false abstraction which regards Christianity, not as connected with, but as isolated from and antagonistic to, that larger work of Reason—of which it is not, indeed, the whole, but a part—in the world. (1) Neither asceticism nor flight from the world is peculiar to Christianity. The temper which Mr. Sturt justly reprobates is common to men of a certain type, Christian and non-Christian, and is accentuated under certain conditions of place and time. If it is present in the New Testament and in the Church, it is present lying unmediated alongside of its opposite; and the moralist may be pardoned if he lays stress less on the virtues to which average human nature is inclined than on those from which it is averse. Taking men as they are, there is little danger to society from the excess of the quietistic virtues or from that "hypertrophy of the religious sentiment" which is so prejudicial to sanity and the right ordering of life. Ethics is a progressive science; the religious bias is effectually counterbalanced both by the virtues and the vices of the natural man. Again (2) Christianity, and even religion, is part of a larger whole. That the Gospel passes over and appears to disparage important sides of human experience and activity is true. That this is so is due to the circumstances under which it was originally preached; and the fact is, in any case, a sufficient answer to the pietist who would frame a social polity on the Sermon on the Mount. But to prove Christianity "obsolete," it must be shown not only to be "in part," but to claim to be co-extensive with what the theologian calls the work of the Spirit, the philosopher the self-realisation of Reason, in mankind. Only a fanatic will put forward this claim. And to conceive religion as static is to misconceive it. It is not a thing become, but becoming; the antagonisms between it and general culture, patent as they are, are relative and in process of being overcome. When, therefore, the alternative of secession or intellectual and moral servitude is proposed to us, we demur. The Reformed Churches, at least, have not cut themselves off from life. And, if the highest level of mental and moral excellence is attained even here only by the few, it is because they are Churches, not schools of philosophy, and appeal, as Churches must, not only to the exceptional, but to the average man. He is a sulky player who throws up his cards when the game goes against him. Life is a conflict whose chances vary; "the better and the best men in a community must always expect to be at war

with the inert and backward majority, and must strain every muscle to tow the passive, unwieldy barge up stream."

The sketch of the work and organisation of the proposed Free Church with which the book closes is its least convincing part. Much of this work is being taken in hand by the existing Churches; much, while the Churches do well to co-operate in its doing, is likely to be done more easily and efficiently by the community at large. And—the example of Positivism is a striking instance—a Church is a thing to take or to leave. It is the outcome of centuries; its roots lie in a state of society remote from ours, the conditions of which cannot be reproduced under other circumstances. Churches are not made consciously; they grow while men sleep.

Mr. Sturt has not avoided that over-statement which is the pitfall of the reformer. Original thinking, he tells us, is impossible for a modern Christian clergyman: we think of John Caird, of Jowett, of Harnack—and doubt. The Anglican Church, we hear, "was to all appearance the permanent ally of phthisis, anæmia, hysteria, neuralgia, dyspepsia, and all the other diseases incident to a timid, flabby, sit-by-the-fire-and-read-the-Bible mode of life"; we should, perhaps, wonder at what period the description held good, had we not read, on a former page, that this same Church, "with its commonsense and its compromises, its 'muscular Christianity,' and its 'Greek-play bishops'" —we can only, we regret to say, recall one occupant of the present bench to whom the epithet applies—"is at a higher level than other churches; it, at least, is not anxious to drive all thinking men out of its pale." That "the average gentleman, and still more the average lady, has no sympathy with working people, and does not understand their lives, their motives, or their morality," is perhaps less true of the landed gentry than of the class of landless rich, without either local ties or the traditions of race, which stands apart from the people because it has no root in the soil. This class is of recent origin, and it is in its increase and possible preponderance that a serious danger to English social life lies. Nor, even with the classical example of Mesopotamia before us, can we follow without reserve the criticism of "blessed words," pp. 267-269. Such words are centres round which religious feeling and association have clustered. That their original meaning has undergone modification—this holds good of secular as well as of religious terminology—is a good reason for explaining their history, a bad one for ceasing to use them; it is in its language that the record of a people's life lies. When all deductions, however, have been made, Mr. Sturt's book is suggestive and stimulating in the extreme; nor is the bias, which he does not disavow, the most formidable enemy of the system which he estimates. Its danger lies elsewhere.

"Against her foes religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends,"

Crabbe reminds us.

And in the same vein Mabillon:—

"Il n'y a que deux ennemis de la religion—le trop peu, et le trop; et des deux le trop est mille fois le plus dangereux."

LADY WESTMORLAND'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

LADY WESTMORLAND was the Duke of Wellington's niece, and her husband was a fortunate diplomatist. She was a prominent figure both in English and in foreign society, so that her correspondents included people of consequence in various ways. This collection of letters gives a very good idea of the manner in which her life was passed. They are indeed too miscellaneous, and too disconnected, to be of much use for historical or biographical purposes. This very fact, however, makes them all the more agreeable and entertaining to the general reader. They afford an amusing insight into the Tory opinion of the day, with its horror of popular movements, and its extreme dread of reform. There are letters from Metternich, which quite explain why he was unable to keep order at Vienna. The diplomacy of the period was perfectly helpless, and Lord Westmorland showed no more foresight than others. On the subject of the Crimean

War, and its causes, Lady Westmorland speaks with more than her usual discernment. She describes it as "a miserable war of personal feelings and wounded vanity, brought about by blunderers on all sides—perfectly unnecessary, and which can by no possibility have any result useful or honorable to England." "The exaggerations and false statements," she adds, "in all our newspapers, and the dexterity with which the Blue-Book has been concocted so as entirely to conceal the real history of the transactions, have created an enthusiasm in England which appears to be general and vehement, but it has no foundation in truth." Lady Westmorland wrote from Vienna, where her husband was Ambassador, and it must be remembered that Lord Westmorland had made Lord Aberdeen's Government believe in the readiness of Austria to take part against Russia, whereas the Austrian Government was never prepared to go beyond a moral and lukewarm support of England and France. On the fall of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, Lady Westmorland wrote, "I am so pained, so humiliated, so furious, at the part my country is playing; so disgusted to see the nation come down from that elevation which no one formerly contested, to play the part of the obliging assistant to the Emperor Napoleon, that I blush to be English." Considering that this letter was written to a foreign Princess, the language is strong. But it expresses what many people who knew what was going on felt at the time, and it is only partly colored by the writer's indignation at the hostile criticism of her brother-in-law, Lord Raglan.

To read this book for the purpose of obtaining political information would, of course, be a mistake. The value of the work is quite different. It is full of social pictures and incidents, told with great freshness, and vividly described. It is thoroughly miscellaneous, and readers of all kinds may discover entertainment in it. At the same time it has a personal unity which prevents it from becoming merely discursive. It belongs to the small class of books which give at first hand impressions that deserve to be recorded because they are representative and characteristic of the passing hour. The Duke of Wellington's simple and affectionate side is nowhere else exhibited with so much artlessness and truth. Even Metternich shows in these pages a spirit of chastened tolerance, which contrasts agreeably with the arrogant temper of his earlier days. Popular movements of all sorts are regarded by Lady Westmorland and her friends with a comical mixture of indignation and diemay. But, apart from questions of political and social disturbance, they lived placidly enough, and their letters have considerable interest for the observer of traits and manners. Few books could be found to provide a better antidote against pessimism than this. The country is continually represented as being on the verge of destruction, and every institution appears to have suffered irretrievable decadence. Yet it all comes right in the end, and fresh material has to be discovered for a new series of lamentations. As for the Liberal party, sympathy with the Italian revolution completely destroyed what was left of it. Despite, however, all these changes and chances, despite even the catastrophes of 1848, the social life of European capitals pursued its inevitable course.

There are plenty of light and graceful sketches in this volume. But Lady Westmorland excelled chiefly in reporting conversations for her husband, and this art she practised with much assiduity. She is a conscientious narrator, always seizing the points, and never encumbering them with details. From her letters to Lord Westmorland the reader may glean a variety of information about persons and events of the time which he would not find elsewhere. He may be occasionally reminded of the simple comment made by Pepys upon the conversation of Charles the Second and the Duke of York, "Lord, what poor stuff they did talk." But there is an interest in the least distinguished dialogues of persons at the centre of affairs when they speak frankly behind the scenes. Lady Westmorland does not attempt anything like embroidery. She sets down what she heard, with such reflections as occurred to her, and there is a sort of fascination in comparing the ideas of the day with the light cast upon them by subsequent events. Metternich was convinced, in 1852, that Lord John Russell's political career had come to an end. No one seems to have expected anything from Otto von Bismarck, or from the young Prince

* "The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland, 1813-1870." Murray. 14s. net.

who afterwards became the first German Emperor. Cavour, the profoundest diplomatist, and the greatest constructive statesman of his age, is a reckless and mischievous firebrand. These random speculations do not detract from the value of the book. On the contrary, the frank disclosure of contemporary opinion is the salt of the correspondence. Lady Westmorland regarded Sir Robert Peel as a man who ought not to be in society, and who gave a great deal of unnecessary trouble to the Duke of Wellington. With the exception of the Duke, great men were not heroes to her, and the part of them she saw was not the part which counted in history. Nevertheless she was a keen observer of what she understood, and much that passed before her eyes has a significance greater than she perceived. Although she did not always write the English language correctly, she looked at everything from an English point of view, and she had penetration enough to foresee that the alliance of the British Government with Napoleon the Third would be extremely embarrassing in its results. John Bright once described the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston as a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain. Lady Westmorland was brought up in the faith of a diplomacy which did not tend to the promotion of pure merit. But it compares not unfavorably with the diplomacy of other countries, being, as it was, under some degree of Parliamentary control. One may lay down the volume with a sense of pride in a constitution which has withstood shocks that proved fatal to less enduring structures, and a belief in a race which has solved many apparently insoluble problems. British statesmen, although they have doubtless made many blunders, have never lost faith in their own countrymen. The Continental intrigues of which these letters afford so many passing glimpses belong to a category of which we in England know little or nothing.

THE LESSER ELIZABETHANS.*

THE fourth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" deals with the poets and prose writers between Sir Thomas North and Drayton, leaving the history of dramatic writing down to the middle of the seventeenth century for volumes five and six, which will, it is hoped, be issued together by Easter. A result of this division is that no great writer except Bacon appears in the present instalment. Even writers of the second rank are not numerous, and most of the names cited are those of lesser authors who, though entitled to a place in a history of literature, are of little interest to readers whose first object is pleasure rather than instruction. The volume is also open to the objection from which none of its predecessors have wholly escaped; it is less a history of the literary movement of the age than a collection of essays, each of which narrates some particular phase of that movement, but which, in combination, fail to give us the spirit and proportions of the whole.

The first, and one of the best, of these essays is that of Mr. Charles Whibley on the translators. Mr. Whibley has already written some fine appreciations of the men who "pursued their craft in the spirit of bold adventure which animated Drake and Hawkins" in the prefaces he contributed to the "Tudor Translation Series," and he returns to the theme with unabated enthusiasm. He rightly claims that the work of these translators was the real renaissance of England, the recovery of the ancient spirit. It matters little that they were inaccurate or ignorant of the niceties of the languages from which they translated. It matters little that in many cases their works were not direct renderings, but translations of translations. They had a sense of style, and the authors they translated, Greek or Latin, French or Italian, came to them with the freshness of a new discovery. They pursued their labors in no spirit of narrow scholarship, but, as Philemon Holland puts it, endeavoring "by all means to triumph now over the Romans in subduing their literature under the dent of an English pen, in requital of the conquest some time over this Island, achieved by the edge

of their sword." It is because they wrote in this spirit that their books carry with them "the lively air of brave originals." The qualities of North, whose "Plutarch" was one of the best of these Elizabethan translations, are well summed up by Mr. Whibley:—

"North, though he knew little of the classics, was a master of noble English. He was neither schoolman nor euphuist. As he freed his language from the fetters which immature scholars had cast upon it, so he did not lay upon its bones the awkward chains of a purposed ingenuity. He held a central place in the history of our speech. He played upon English prose as upon an organ whose every stop he controlled with an easy confidence. He had a perfect sense of the weight and colour of words; pathos and gaiety, familiarity and grandeur resound in his magnificently cadenced periods. It was his good fortune to handle a language still fired with the various energies of youth, and he could contrive the effects of sound and sense which had neither been condemned nor worn out by the thoughtful pedant. Above all, his style had a dramatic quality which suggests to the reader a constant movement, and the value of which, no doubt, was candidly recognised by Shakespeare."

By a natural transition, the next chapter is devoted to the greatest of all translations in our tongue, the English Bible. It is a tremendous subject, and we cannot say that Professor Cook, of Yale, does it justice. His comments are either obvious or commonplace, and he reads into the Bible a unity which modern criticism has shown cannot be claimed for it. The Bible has the unity of a national literature, and it is absurd in speaking of a national literature to say that "every sentence, nay, every word must count. The spirit which animates the whole must inform every particle." Does Professor Cook believe that the spirit which animates the Sermon on the Mount informs the Imprecatory Psalms or the Song of Solomon? If he does not, his sentence is meaningless. Professor Cook seems, moreover, to be under the impression that, in order to exalt the Bible, he must depreciate all other literature. Thus he compares the wonderful passage in the eighth Psalm, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, &c.," with Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "This goodly frame the earth," his comment on the latter being, "This, indeed, is fine rhetoric, but how apostrophic it is, and how repetitious!" We are also treated to a number of testimonials awarded to the Bible by distinguished men, a feature that might well have been omitted in a work of this character.

The three poets who are given separate chapters in the volume are Campion, Drayton, and Donne. Mr. Percival Vivian writes well upon Campion. His examination of Campion's metrical devices is a valuable contribution. He recognises that beneath their seemingly artless ease the lyrics conceal a real mastery of syllabic tones and values, and claims that, in a few instances, Campion attains the finality and roundness of expression which betoken close kinship with great poetry. Drayton offers a marked contrast with Campion. We should like to possess more of the latter; we can afford to dispense with a great deal written by the former. It needed diligent toil to make Drayton a poet, but he paid the price, and he has a respectable position in the second rank. His earlier works have nothing of the spontaneity and ease that delight us in Campion. He achieved some measure of it in his later and daintier manner, though Mr. Child seems to us to rate him too high in claiming that there are few more interesting figures in English literature than Drayton in the long period which his work covered.

Professor Grierson's chapter on Donne is a good estimate of the man whom Dryden called "the greatest wit, though not the best poet of our nation." Donne's influence upon the Caroline poets is one of the most remarkable things in the history of our literature, and Professor Grierson helps us to understand it. He challenged and broke the supremacy of the Petrarchian tradition. By joining passion and imagination to reasoning and learning, he opened a new era in the history of the English love lyric. He gave it greater depth of thought and checked its tendency to a facile fluency. "If Donne somewhat lowered the ethical and ideal tone of love poetry, and blighted the delicate bloom of Elizabethan song, he gave it a sincerer and more passionate quality. He made love poetry less of a musical echo of Desportes. In his hands, English poetry became

* "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Volume IV. "Prose and Poetry: Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton." Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.

less Italianate, more sincere, more condensed and pregnant in thought and feeling."

Other chapters deserving of notice in the volume are "The Literature of the Sea," by Commander Charles Robinson and Mr. John Leyland, "The English Pulpit from Fisher to Donne," by Mr. F. E. Hutchinson, "The Beginnings of English Philosophy," by Professor W. R. Sorley, and "The Book Trade," by Mr. H. G. Aldis. Not the least valuable part of the work are the full and authoritative bibliographies added to each chapter.

THE MEANING OF MUSIC.*

THE quality of the thought in "La Musique, ses Lois, son Evolution" of M. Jules Combarieu, the learned Professor of the History of Music at the Collège de France, amply entitles the work to inclusion in the solid "International Scientific Series." Unfortunately, the translation, though generally fluent and readable, often does the original gross injustice, and sometimes converts it into pure nonsense. The translator, whose name is not given, more than once blunders in his French, while his knowledge of music seems to be small. One of the most irritating of his habits is that of referring to the musical notes of the scale as Do, Re, Mi, Fa, and the rest of it, though in French these notes have not the variable meanings given to them by the English sol-faists, but indicate the fixed notes C, D, E, &c. A Frenchman would say that Elgar's symphony was in *La bémol*; but for an Englishman to say that it was in *La flat* would be nonsensical. There is the same ignorance shown in the handling of proper names. M. Combarieu only follows a general French custom when he refers to von Hartmann as M. de Hartmann, or to the old Greek treatise on harmony by Nicomachus of Gerasa as the "Manuel d'Harmonique" of "Nicomache de Gêrasi"; but these Gallicisms should not reappear in an English version. "Mélodique" is persistently rendered "melodious," instead of "melodic." The whole translation, indeed, needs careful revision, as more than once M. Combarieu is made to say things that never entered his head.

The great value of the book comes from the fact that M. Combarieu is, in a rare degree, both musician and scientist. It is only from a type of this kind that a rational and penetrating examination of the nature of music can come. The average musician has too little training in science; the average scientist or philosopher, from Confucius and Pythagoras to Spencer, has never been able to listen to music as a musician hears it. M. Combarieu's great service to aesthetics is to insist upon the prime fact that music is the expression of a "pensée musicale," a musical way of thinking. It matters nothing that the images and the processes of this thought cannot be expressed in the definite terms of ordinary language; it remains true that "music is the art of thinking in sounds." As M. Combarieu points out, "there must not be demanded from psychology definitions more precise than those current in all sciences save mathematics and geometry." We do not know, for example, what electricity is; no scientist can define what a food is; "nevertheless there exists an art or a science of nutrition and living, just as there is a science of electricity." And if "to think without concepts" in music seems a contradiction in terms, what shall we say of Lord Kelvin's definition of the ether as "a solid without density or weight, yet more rigid than steel"? Examining music from every side, historical and aesthetic, M. Combarieu drives home again and again this fundamental fact that the essence of music is to be sought, not in the laws of vibrating bodies or in the constitution of the ear, but in the capacity of the musical mind to seize in its own way upon the universe and reproduce the meaning and movement of it in a language that, though "indefinite" in comparison with words, is perfectly definite to those who can think in it. Now and then M. Combarieu needlessly confuses his thesis with other theories, or separates it too strictly from them. He deals somewhat irresolutely, for example, with the quite wrong-headed speech-theory of Spencer, and with the equally wrong-headed theory of Darwin, that music sprang from the

amative sense. The very nature of M. Combarieu's own theory—that music is the musical mind's way of apprehending and expressing the universe—makes it wholly unnecessary for him to trifle with these pseudo-philosophical conjectures. On the other hand, he separates himself far too pointedly from the theories of Helmholtz and Hanslick. They undoubtedly regarded music too much as an affair of the balance of the respective components of it. This leaves out a good deal of the very essence of musical inspiration and musical enjoyment: though there are far more analogies between musical beauty and the beauty of ordered and balanced lines in decorative design than M. Combarieu seems to have considered. He falls into one or two other errors of detail, and occasionally he puts a heavier burden on the "historical method" than it can safely carry, some of his readings of music in the light of other social phenomena being a trifle fantastic. But as a whole the thesis is correct; and the book is one of great power, the thinking, the argumentation, and the historical knowledge all touching a far higher plane than one is used to in musical literature. M. Combarieu's breadth of view is nowhere more admirable than in some of his demonstrations of the connection between the music and the general life of an epoch.

THE POLYGLOT EMPIRE.*

AGE has not impaired the intellectual vigor of Sir Horace Rumbold. In his 81st year he has a perfectly clear view of the strangely varied history of Austria during the nineteenth century, and his treatment of the subject is large and, on the whole, most impartial. In the course of a diplomatic career that wafted him almost literally from China to Peru, Sir Horace spent several years (1896-1900) as Ambassador to the Emperor of Austria, whose friendship and confidence he enjoyed. The social and domestic side of his theme is not neglected in this volume, the main interest of which is, however, political.

At the dawn of the nineteenth century Austria lies stricken and humiliated. Austerlitz is followed by Wagram, and twice the "upstart Corsican" has entered Vienna. The Holy Roman Empire (a realm grown somewhat shadowy, to be sure) dissolves and vanishes; and Francis II. of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary and Bohemia, resigning the historic title, withdraws to the government of his hereditary kingdoms and principalities, and is known henceforth as Emperor of Austria. While his kingdom was still reeling under the blows of Austerlitz and Wagram, Francis received Napoleon's proposal for the hand of his daughter, the Archduchess Marie Louise. The affair was speedily arranged. The young princess herself considered that she was "cast in prey to the Minotaur," and Sir Horace Rumbold says: "Of many questionable transactions held to have been justified by reasons of state, this one seems in many ways exceptionally odious." Lord Acton, some readers may remember, described the Austrian match as Napoleon's ruin; and certainly, had it not been for this alliance, it is impossible to believe that he would have entered upon the Russian campaign. What, one wonders, would have been the issue for the French Empire had Napoleon united himself by marriage not with Austria but with Russia? The Russian scheme fell through, the Austrian was successfully brought off—and one of its consequences was the retreat from Moscow!

Sir Horace Rumbold pictures Napoleon as "desperately in love with his young wife," but is not this phrase a little over-colored? Gourgaud has made the great man himself declare that he "never was in love, except perhaps with Josephine—a little"; but not all is gospel that has come to us from St. Helena. If ever in his life Napoleon was "desperately in love," it was with Josephine. That passion, which from the first was very largely physical, cooled with the husband's knowledge of the infidelities of his enchantress; and—the Walewska interlude notwithstanding—it may be questioned whether at any subsequent period his heart was really subdued. Marie Louise made him an excellent wife (her conduct was then above suspicion, and she was

* "Music: Its Laws and Evolution." By Jules Combarieu. International Scientific Series. Kegan Paul. 5s.

* "The Austrian Court in the Nineteenth Century." By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Methuen. 18s. net.

not a spendthrift like Josephine), but we know from M. Frédéric Masson that the French hold her memory in detestation. This, for certain, is not altogether fair. The Archduchess came to France a mere schoolgirl, she was married absolutely against her will, and she remained but a few years in the country of her adoption. Probably the chief grudge of the French against her is that she gave Napoleon two of the least distinguished successors who could have been found in Europe—the first of whom wore a patch to hide a disfigured eye. But Marie Louise is neither a great creature, like her great-grandmother, Marie Thérèse, nor a fascinating one, like her aunt, Marie Antoinette; and, were Sir Horace Rumbold not gallantly resolved to make the best of her, he could have reminded us that in her Duchy of Parma she came under the influence of the Jesuits and persecuted right and left.

The son whom Marie Louise bore to Napoleon (that longed-for heir whose birth, as Acton said, was "an onerous complication") is, during some years after Waterloo, the most pathetic figure at the Court of Austria—the most pathetic figure in Europe. Among the many lifelike and engaging pen portraits that Sir Horace has here given us, there is none that will appeal more directly to the sympathies of the reader than this of the handsome, brave, dreamy strippling—curiously known to posterity under the three titles of Napoleon II., King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt—who said of himself in his closing hours that his birth and death summed up his whole history.

To Francis, that uxorious man, last of the old line of German Emperors and founder of the present Austro-Hungarian monarchy, a sovereign of somewhat lofty conceptions, and profoundly loved by his people, succeeded a son, Ferdinand I., slightly disordered in his wits. Ferdinand's brain never attained complete maturity, and his mental disabilities were the supreme opportunity of Metternich.

From 1835 to 1848 this genius of the diplomatic stage and inveterate foe of Liberalism was, in his character of Chancellor, the chief person in the Empire. Austrian industry and commerce did, indeed, show some considerable power of expansion; but under an absolute and omnipotent bureaucracy, which led swiftly up to the suppression of trial by jury, and something very like suppression of the Press, the mind of the country suffered grievous pains, and Austria was wretchedly celebrated as the China of the West. These years are filled with tumult. Kossuth arises in Hungary, there is a secession agitation, there are flights of the Imperial family, and Metternich (after a forty years' administration which has, at all events, lifted Austria to a commanding position in Europe) succumbs to a street riot.

Forty-eight brings to the front, as a youth, the sovereign who still maintains his place upon the throne, Francis Joseph. His uncle Ferdinand abdicated, and his father, Archduke Francis Charles, waived his claim to the throne in favor of his boyish son. Francis Joseph was but just eighteen. What a year in Europe and the world is 1848! Month by month it is *Annus Mirabilis*. California lures the gold-seekers; Louis Philippe, preferring for the moment to be known as "Mr. William Smith," tumbles out of Paris in a hackney cab; the Bavarian King, losing his Lola Montes, loses his hold upon Bavaria; Charles Albert begins to move in northern Italy; Chartism begins to move on Kennington Common; Louis Napoleon, the dreamy adventurer, gets his successive grips on France; Ireland has a notion of rising under O'Brien; George Stephenson, having made his "travelling engine," travels to his rest; Vienna feels panic after panic; a Pope hastens in disguise to Gaeta; a King of Prussia publishes a Constitution, and Thackeray publishes "Vanity Fair."

The marriage, in 1854, of the young Emperor and his girlish cousin Elizabeth, makes a very pretty story, as Sir Horace Rumbold tells it. The girl-Empress charmed, enlivened, and transformed the Court, and was soon of European celebrity. Hunting centres in England and Ireland (where she lavished in presents and charities her touring allowance of £5,000 a month), remember her as the boldest and most accomplished horsewoman of her day: did she not once clear the wall of the College of Maynooth? "But," says Sir Horace,

"it was in the inexhaustible field of mercy and charity that the Empress Elizabeth found throughout life the tasks that

were most congenial to her. The first steps taken towards mitigating the old harsh system of military punishments; the reform of prison discipline, and the improvement of the sadly neglected prisons, and of the hospitals for the poor, were all traceable to her initiative, based on the searching inquiries she had herself made. As for her good works and personal charities, they were as boundless as was her sympathy with all sorts of distress and suffering."

At Geneva, in 1898, the year of the Emperor's jubilee, the Empress Elizabeth, a broken-hearted recluse, fell under the dagger of an anarchist. The sudden death, in 1889, of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, had in a manner paralysed her. A mystery has hung over Prince Rudolf's untimely end. Very reluctantly the family allowed it to be believed that he had committed suicide, and this solution Sir Horace Rumbold accepts. Not one of the small group of persons who were with the Crown Prince on the fatal day has ever spoken on the subject. Count Hoyos, one of the two friends who accompanied him to the shooting-lodge at Mayerling, volunteered to the Emperor to make a public declaration that he had shot the Prince accidentally in a battue; but this offer his Majesty, of course, rejected. There is an unpublished story—never more than half divulged—in which a gamekeeper is involved; but to this the author makes no allusion.

To the Italian war, in which Napoleon III. joined swords with Victor Emmanuel against Francis Joseph and the Austrians, Sir Horace Rumbold devotes an interesting chapter. But 1859-60 is a long time ago, and he might have made the circumstances of the campaign somewhat clearer to readers of this generation by dwelling in greater detail on the long tyranny of Austria in Italy. The almost abject slavery of the Italians under a crowd of wretched little despots, who, if they were overawed by Austria, were also supported by her, is an episode that fills some of the darkest and most lamentable pages in modern European history.

It was not this war, but the swift decisive onset of 1866, that made of Italy a practically free nation. Sadowa, in which engagement Francis Joseph lost upwards of 44,000 men to Prussia, destroyed for all time the noxious rule of Hapsburg and Bourbon in the best-loved peninsula in the world.

Singular, indeed, among contemporary sovereigns, has been the progress of Francis Joseph. Discussing the Emperor's Diamond Jubilee of two years ago, Sir Horace Rumbold says:—

"Looking back across the space of those sixty years—the lives of two generations—it requires an effort to identify the ruler who only the other day fearlessly bestowed the crowning measure of democratic liberties on the 28,000,000 of his Austrian subjects, with the youth who, after being nurtured in the school of Metternich, found in the stern, unbending Schwarzenberg his first political mentor and adviser. The past has led him by a series of evolutions . . . from unquestioned absolute rule of an almost medieval type—resting solely on the Army and the Church—to the acceptance of a constitutional sovereignty ostensibly narrowed down to its most exiguous limits."

It may possibly be remembered that under the decree of January, 1907, the elections to the Lower House in Austria take place on the basis of "universal, equal, and direct suffrage." At the present moment, the aged Francis Joseph (some of whose autocratic powers, until he himself surrendered them, linked him with the Middle Ages) is perhaps the one indispensable monarch in Europe.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.*

WE are informed on the wrapper of "The Unlucky Mark" that "in the web of the main story is woven a quasi-political tale of disloyalty and anarchy, in which Mrs. Penny shows great insight into the thoughts, opinions, motives, and characters of the natives of Southern India, whom she has made her constant study for so many years." Encouraged by this assurance, of the author's "insight," we hoped she might have interpreted for us the feelings of those of our Hindu subjects who have grievances against our rule; we hoped she might have held the balance fairly and shown us what are the real forces of national feeling at work behind the *Swadeshi* movement. On the contrary, the novel not only displays no penetration into

* "The Unlucky Mark." By F. E. Penny. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

the sources of discontent of the educated Hindu, but treats him with studied contempt. We hold no brief for the Nationalist agitator. It is simply because this novel is so grating in tone, so cocksure in its conclusions, so destitute of the power of putting oneself in another's place, that its picture appears to us inartistic and out of perspective. Books of the type of "The Unlucky Mark" have, of course, always been abundant. They have contributed their share to the English misunderstanding of Irish life and character up to comparatively a short time back. Not infrequently they are the work of clever people of "the garrison" who have made a subject "their constant study for many years," writing with kindly or chilling patronage of "the subject race." But the same naive and childish feature, artistically, is common to all of them, in their aim of denouncing or casting ridicule on any class or race whose demands, in outlook or feeling, are not in the accepted programme of official policy.

The plot of "The Unlucky Mark" is woven of two strands, and of the first, which details the love affairs of the Englishman, Sir David Dereham, and the Mohammedan officer, Major Adam-u-din, with the heroines, Mrs. Breydon and Miss Laurence, we need not speak. It is the second, the part played by the Hindu "gentleman," Dharma Govinda, and his secretary, Chandraswamy, the *Swadeshi* agitator, that we are concerned with. Dharma Govinda, the son of a rich merchant of Bangalore, is introduced to us as he accosts Sir David Dereham on the platform at Malur, while offering to lend him a syce, to lead his new horse, "the Saint," to the trainer's stables. Govinda's "full lips and large dark eyes bespeak his love of luxury and ease, his vanity and self-concentration," and his manner "in close imitation of the young bloods of Bayswater" naturally offends the high-born baronet. Sir David, however, avails himself of the kindly offer, and in doing so falls into a trap carefully baited in advance. We cannot compliment Mrs. Penny on the credibility of her tale. It seems that the horse-box of the train also carries Govinda's new purchase, "Swadeshi," a horse so like to Sir David's that the two are practically indistinguishable save for a special "lucky" and "unlucky" mark upon their chests. Now Govinda, having schemed to exchange his own horse for Sir David's, has bribed the Englishman's syce to malingering, and has arranged with his own servants, Cassim and Gopal, that "the Saint" shall be lost on the road—ostensibly. In point of fact the baronet's horse is led to Govinda's stables, the number branded on his hind hoof is manipulated, and drugs are administered before he is reported as "found," and his double is led back to Sir David. The scheme works without a hitch. Sir David has no suspicion that the wrong horse has been palmed off on him, and Govinda thus obtains possession of the lucky animal. The "Hindu gentleman's" private roguery having thus been made patent to the English reader, we are now let behind the scenes of his seditious activity. He is, it seems, not only a contemptible upstart, but a coward to boot. He incites smaller men than himself to run risks that he dare not face. While posing as a "Moderate," the influential and wealthy patriot, it seems, is financing "The Flaming Torch of India," for which he writes, in secret, inflammatory articles, which goad the hot-headed Indian youth, such as Chandraswamy, beyond endurance.

"The public hall at Hosur was crowded. The occasion was an afternoon meeting to consider 'The Coming Congress,' and how its aims might be promoted to the best advantage. . . . Chandraswamy, in a state of suppressed excitement, went to the foot of the platform, and begged for a word with the speaker before he commenced. Might Chandraswamy and his friends be allowed to eject two men suspected of being policemen in disguise?"

"Govinda held up his hands in protest at the suggestion of such violence. He assured the company that nothing would be said during the proceedings which could be construed into disloyalty. He hoped all his audience were devotedly loyal to the paramount power."

"Chandraswamy retired with a scowl upon his dark face. It was reflected upon the countenances of a large number of young men, who formed at least three-quarters of the audience. Many of them were mere boys, and not one of them was over the age of twenty-five. They all lacked experience, and were eager with the rashness of youth to enter the difficult field of politics. . . . They mistook the enthusiasm of prejudice for noble self devotion. Each one professed to be acting for the benefit of his country, whereas he was but inflated, like Govinda, with a desire for notoriety, and was actuated by an

insane wish to raise emotion in the multitude, and stir dangerous passions not easy to allay."

"Education had left these raw, rudderless youths without discipline—since the rod had been abolished by a benevolent Government from their schools, without religion—since John Stuart Mill's and Herbert Spencer's books, with those of their successors, had been placed unreservedly in their hand; and without occupation, since they had all sought to improve their condition, and had failed to attain the particular object of their ambition."

The sequel to this tale of seditious activities is that the "Hindu gentleman" takes to flight, when his tool Chandraswamy has been caught in the act of throwing bombs. With every wish to criticise "The Unlucky Mark," from the artistic standpoint, we find it exceedingly difficult. Major Adam-u-din, the Mohammedan gentleman, is, for example, used as a figurehead to express the "racial hatred" that our author states is "always latent" between the Moslems and Hindus. Like the Ulster Loyalist in relation to the Catholic Irish, he is brought forward to foment the disaffection of his ancient antagonists. "Let us hope that the Moslems of India will never be obliged to resort to self-protection," says the Major, "that they will never be brought into conflict with over-confident, aggressive Hindus who are deluded into thinking that the English Government will support them in their aggression. It would be a bad day for Britain if ever such a crisis arose." This is really the accent of the Belfast Orangeman. The same tone is used in speaking of Hindu ritual. Thus we read: "Never heard of the worship of Kali, the most iniquitous, most pernicious, most insidious of religious movements this earth ever saw? . . . Closely connected with it are the abominable practices of Sakti worship that appeal to the sensuous side of a sensuous people. . . . The whole system should be crushed; their meetings put down by the aid of troops if need be. The thing wouldn't be tolerated in any European country," said Dereham." The writer's view of the causes of recent Hindu unrest is set forth in a conversation in the penultimate chapter. "It is not the country that requires a lesson, but a small minority of educated men who have spread themselves over the whole of India, preaching in the name of patriotism a new gospel of sedition and disloyalty. The great majority of the people have no political aspirations whatever, I assure you. . . . If only they could be left to follow the bent of their inclinations their continued happiness would be assured. . . . For the present, however, powder and shot are not merited by the masses." It is not merely in the direct political propaganda preached that the author shows the lack of sympathetic understanding. In her descriptions of Hindu domestic life, however true they may be to surface facts, there is no feeling communicated of the atmosphere or the soil. Everything is hard, rigid, metallic, and it is precisely these imported qualities that the reader feels are standing between him and the native life, like a wire gauze veil placed between him and the light.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

DR. JAMES FORD RHODES is one of the leading American historians, and in "Historical Essays" (Macmillan, 9s. net), he has brought together a number of lectures and papers read before the American Historical Association and other bodies. The first four essays deal with history under its general aspects, and are, perhaps, the most interesting in the volume. Dr. Rhodes holds a position midway between the modern scientific school and the older school, which thought that the historian should judge as well as narrate, and that he must be a man of letters as well as an authority upon his period. "History," Dr. Rhodes quotes from von Holm, "in the main ought only to be a record of facts, but now and then the historian may be allowed to display a certain interest in his subject." Dr. Rhodes places Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus above all other historians, but he rates S. R. Gardiner not much below them, and he is not contemptuous of Macaulay. Of the remaining essays in the book, the best is an appreciation of Gibbon, read at Harvard University two years ago. He says that in the famous Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Gibbon ignored some facts, and that his combination of others, his

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inferences, his opinions, are not fair and unprejudiced. His treatment of Theodora, the wife of Justinian, is declared to be open to objection. "Without proper sifting and a reasonable scepticism, he has incorporated into his narrative the questionable account, with all its salacious details, which Procopius gives in his 'Secret History,' Gibbon's love of a scandalous tale getting the better of his historical criticism." On the other hand, Gibbon's portrait of Julian the Apostate is pronounced to be in accordance with the best modern standard. Dr. Rhodes's essays are fresh in tone and manner, and illustrated by a wealth of apt quotation.

* * *

UNDER the title of "The Mind of the Artist" (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net), Mrs. Laurence Binyon has collected two hundred and forty-three sayings of artists on their own craft, grouping them under such headings as "Aims and Ideals," "Study and Training," "Drawing and Design," "Manner," "Color," "Decorative Art," "Portraiture," "Modern Painting," and so forth. The choice of quotations is catholic enough, and since they include Chinese opinions from the fifth century and onwards, as well as plenty from the Middle Ages and modern times, it cannot be urged that their representation is too limited. Mrs. Binyon tells us that she has had recourse less to famous treatises like those of Leonardo and Reynolds, than to the more intimate avowals and working notes contained in letters or memoirs; and that the selection of these has entailed considerable research. We can well believe this, and the difficulty of such a compilation must be further enhanced by the fact that some of the most valuable sayings on Art have come from quite mediocre and little-known artists. Thus it is Northcote's sayings that are his passport to the company of Reynolds and Gainsborough; and Fromentin the writer is far better known than Fromentin the painter. Possibly Miss Binyon's selection of modern opinions could be improved upon; when one considers the mass of available material, the quotations from Burne-Jones, Watts, Rossetti, &c., seem to occur rather too frequently. But the general utility of the book cannot be questioned.

* * *

DR. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS'S "Christianity is Christ" (Longmans, 1s. net), is a volume in "The Anglican Church Handbook" series. Its aim, as Dr. Griffith Thomas says in a prefatory note, is "to present, in a short, popular form, the substance of what has been written in recent years on the central subject of Christianity—the Person and Work of Christ." The method adopted has been to examine a number of different aspects of Christ's work and teaching, and to present the doctrinal and apologetic inferences that may be drawn from each. Dr. Thomas's position is moderately conservative, but he has evidently made a close study of "modernist" views and arguments. Throughout the book stress is laid upon the witness of history, though the argument from experience is not neglected, and the handling of this in the last two chapters is, in our view, the weightiest section of the work. A very full bibliography adds to the value of a useful little volume.

* * *

THE average public school man's super-loyalty to his own school is one of those human weaknesses that we readily condone; indeed, the loveliness of the weakness might almost be said to be in proportion to its irrationality. So, when we find a book like Mr. Christopher Stone's "Eton" (Black, 7s. 6d. net), brimming over with enthusiasm for the place and everything connected with it, we accept his estimate of its virtues as pleasing and praiseworthy, even if a little extravagant. It is still more gratifying to discover that this loyal Etonian who attaches such importance to the "Eton touch," and so lightly extols the modern athleticism that "has given the death blow to work" here as in many another school, is yet capable of dealing sensibly with the vexed question of what ought to be the relations between boys and masters, and soberly with some of the less noble vanities of the Eton education. Moreover, the book is very agreeably written. The historical retrospect is neither long nor labored. Living old Etonians, who have achieved notoriety in the House of Lords or elsewhere, are hardly mentioned. The author's intention, he tells us, is to illustrate "the spirit of Eton," and his facts of history,

taken mainly from R. A. Austen Leigh's "Guide to Eton College," and "Etoniana," and from Malim's quaint treatise, have been selected with that aim in view. Similarly, he discusses Collegers and Oppidans, Eton customs, obsolete or surviving, famous masters of the establishment, the college precincts, and many other topics, not according to any ordered scheme, but as they link themselves, one with another, in his mind, and suggest themselves as persuasive touches of "atmosphere." Thus the book is largely a book of digressions. But the picture left by the whole of it does not lack clearness; and beneath its loyal extravagances there lurks a sense of moderation—a suspicion, perhaps, that against such glories as those of the Eton Hunt, there must be placed such disgraces as that of the carted deer. Miss E. D. Brinton's illustrations are vigorous and pleasant, and they possess a quite exceptional unity.

* * *

DECIDEDLY there is a touch of Wild West journalism about Mr. Hugh C. Weir's "The Conquest of the Isthmus" (Putnam's Sons, 5s. net) of Panama. "Panama," observes the author genially on p. 117, "has been the cesspool into which the human refuse of the globe has been dumped in shiploads. . . . Thousands of them—the vomitings of a score of nations—were driven cattle-like into the hopper of the Panama Canal. And in the smoke of the greatest engineering battle of history, the contagion of the scowling stream of Europe's cast-off citizens was not appreciated until it had found festering lodgment." With these undesirable aliens on the one hand, and the jungle, with its alligators, its deadly black scorpions, its poisonous mosquitoes, on the other, the makers of the canal, whom Mr. Weir sets out to describe, have had a more than ordinarily sensational time, and the author of this volume cannot be accused of not making the most of the material to hand. The way in which the perils of Panama have been overcome by American bravery, American medical science, American engineering, American policing—in short, by the well-known American superiority that every American recognises—is a not less thrilling part of the narrative. A pæan on Mr. Roosevelt as the inspiring force behind the men on the spot does not lack whole-hearted hero-worship, and the account of an alligator hunt takes us back to the days when boys' books were really generous with their thrills. The book, which is illustrated by photographs, contains a non-technical description of the canal and its machinery, and an excellent study of the civilisation implanted in this part of the world during the last five years.

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THE INDEX TO VOLUME V. OF THE NATION

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of all styles by the builders of the nineteenth century. Domestic architecture has revived somewhat in the last few years, and our one regret concerning Mr. Gotch's book is that it has little or nothing to say of this revival. Mr. Gotch shows so complete a grasp of facts and such powers of clear-headed deduction in his treatment of the house up to the end of the eighteenth century, that we cannot doubt but that, in the light of this knowledge, his handling of latter-day enormities, such as unscrupulous building and reckless land speculation, and the brave fight that is being waged against them, would have been informative and interesting. Perhaps he will devote a sequel to the building of the nineteenth century. For the moment, his book is a particularly sound piece of work, whose usefulness is enhanced by the profuse and finely got-up photographic and other illustrations that accompany the text.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Feb. 4.	Price Friday morning, Feb. 11.
Consols	81½	82½
Midland Def.	58½	58½
Union Pacific	187½	187½
Buenos Ayres Pacific	89	88½
U.S. Steel	81½	80½

THE reduction of the bank rate from 3½ to 3 per cent., which occurred on Thursday, had been expected for several days, and the bank directors really had no choice, so far was the market rate below the official minimum. At practically the same hour on the same day the authorities of the Reichsbank at Berlin reduced their rate from 4½ to 4 per cent. This general tendency to ease is satisfactory, and will give another fillip to trade which has been making remarkable strides in the last few weeks. The collapse in Americans has attracted buyers, and a sharp rally occurred on Wednesday in New York and yesterday in London. The Brazil Loan stands at a small premium, and the Stock Exchange is quite busy and cheerful. Paris, however, has had another fright, as the waters of the Seine have been rising again. The rubber market still provides the most sensational activity. A great many people will burn their fingers in rubber before the sound estates are separated from the swindles and failures.

THE BOOM IN TRADE.

If only the election could have been postponed another month, the Tariff Reformers would have done even worse than they did in our industrial districts. The Board of Trade Returns for January, in spite of the dislocation incident to a General Election, are quite sensational. Imports are 2½ millions up, exports 6 millions, and re-exports 1½ millions. The figure for exports is only just below the record of 1907. Here is a table giving the figures for the month of January for the last ten years. These are the values in million pounds sterling. The figure following the decimal represents hundred thousands:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Re-exports.
1900	44.5	23.6	5.4
1901	46.0	24.7	5.0
1902	50.1	24.3	5.3
1903	46.2	24.9	6.1
1904	46.1	24.1	5.7
1905	47.7	25.0	6.1
1906	53.5	30.8	7.4
1907	60.5	35.1	8.8
1908	56.4	34.4	6.6
1909	53.5	28.8	6.7
1910	55.9	34.8	8.1

To do them justice, the Tariff Reform League foresaw this boom of trade, and wanted to clap on a tariff before it had got well under way. This explains the desperate action of the House of Lords. Even manufacturers who have been bitten by the virus of protection would not go in for a tariff during a trade boom. This fact may save us from another election. Another election would be highly distasteful to City and business men.

A BIG BANK.

The report of the London City and Midland Bank, which appeared in our columns last week, is interesting as the report of one of our greatest institutions. A contemporary has been inquiring which is the biggest bank. If we look at deposits, the London City and Midland, with 69 millions, comes third, closely behind the newly amalgamated London County and Westminster; in "Advances and Loans" it comes second, two millions behind Lloyds; in paid-up capital and reserve it is second to the London County and Westminster. Sir Edward Holden, the bank's able chairman, predicted at the annual meeting that a good year is before us. The world, he said, "is on the threshold of a new prosperity," but he advised those interested in American securities to be exceedingly wary. Excellent advice; for, as he remarked, the American market is troubled by a vast quantity of undigested and indigestible railway debentures, though prices are now again beginning to look attractive.

THE COATS' MILLS AT PAWTUCKET.

A Scottish correspondent asks me for more details about the closing down of Messrs. Coats' mills at Pawtucket. He says that statements made by Messrs. Coats were used in Scotland against Free Trade. The truth is, I believe, that Messrs. Coats have different prices for their thread according to the tariff. Their prices at home are pretty stiff, in virtue of a practical monopoly, but nothing to their prices abroad. And yet if they would disclose their wages and hours of labor, their prices and profits at home and in their various protected factories, I have no doubt at all that it would result in a splendid vindication of Free Trade. If my correspondent will refer to the New York papers he will find that the lock-out at Pawtucket began at five thread mills on January 24th. It seems to have followed on a small strike by some of the boys, and a demand for more wages from the men. The wages, it is stated, were reduced one shilling in ten two years ago. The latest papers say there is some prospect of a settlement.

THE BRAZIL CONVERSION LOAN.

Although the price of this loan (4 per cent. bonds at 87½) is, as I said last week, not very attractive, investors in Brazil are probably wise in preferring Federal to State issues, as the reputation of the House of Rothschild is bound up with the credit of the Central Government of Brazil. The prospects of the country are improving with the maintenance of the high price of rubber and with the partial removal of the coffee embarrassments which threatened the finances of the important State of Sao Paulo. The most interesting part of the loan is that which is to be devoted to railway construction in the northern rubber States of Ceara and Piahy. The new lines should open up new, and possibly rich, territory. One is glad to hear that the political dangers of trouble between Brazil and Argentina are diminishing. But a good deal will depend upon the approaching Presidential election.

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UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

Issue of £10,000,000 4 per cent. United States of Brazil Government Bonds.

This Loan will be applied for the conversion and redemption of the Western of Minas Railroad Company 5 per cent. Guaranteed Loan of 1893 as well as the United States of Brazil Government 5 per cent. Loan of 1907, and also for the extension and construction of railways in the States of Ceara and Piahy.

The President of the United States of Brazil having, in conformity with the authority contained in Article 62, Number 8 of Law No. 2,221 of the 30th December 1909, and in execution of Decree No. 7,669, of the 18th November, 1909, issued by virtue of the authorisation contained in Nos. 9 and 24, letter d, of Article 16 of the Law No. 2,050 of the 31st December, 1906, and also in conformity with Decree No. 7,853, dated the 3rd February, 1910, authorised the negotiation of the above Loan, MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS have to announce that they are ready to receive subscriptions at their office.

Subscriptions may be made either in cash, or in Bonds of the above-mentioned Loans.

Applications for the new Bonds, in exchange for Bonds of the above-mentioned Loans, will be received on Monday, the 7th instant, and on the five following days, viz., until Monday, the 14th instant, at 4 p.m., when the lists will be finally closed. No subscriptions will be received on Saturday.

The conversion will be effected as follows:—

Subscribers in Bonds will receive allotment in full. The 4 per cent. Bonds are issued at the price of 87½. In the conversion every £100 of 5 per cent. Stock will be reckoned at par and a bonus of 10s. will be given on every £100 converted, the holders of the 5 per cent. Western of Minas Railway Bonds receiving in addition accrued interest from 1st September, 1909. Thus, every holder of a £100 5 per cent. Western of Minas Bond will, on converting, receive in exchange a £100 4 per cent. Bond and £13 in cash, plus £2 5s. (less income tax) in adjustment of accrued interest, and every holder of a £100 5 per cent. Bond of the Loan of 1907 will, on converting receive in exchange a £100 4 per cent. Bond and £13 in cash; but for cash differences on large amounts of Bonds, subscribers may elect to have new Bonds, the fractional surplus only being regulated by a cash payment; this option must be exercised when subscribing.

The repayment at par, but without the bonus of 10s. per cent., of all the Bonds not presented for conversion will be officially notified at the earliest possible date.

The 5 per cent. Bonds to be converted must be listed on forms, which can be obtained on application, and must be furnished with all the coupons not yet due.

Application must be made on the form provided herewith, and accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. in money or an approximate amount in convertible Bonds, unless subscribers prefer to deposit the whole of their Bonds when making application. The failure to deliver the Bonds converted, when the scrip is ready to be given in exchange, will render the deposit on application liable to forfeiture.

The list for cash subscriptions will be opened on Monday, the 7th instant, and closed on or before Monday, the 14th instant. No subscriptions will be received on Saturday.

Subscriptions are payable as follows:—

For every £100 stock, £5 0 0 on application.
15 0 0 on allotment.
15 0 0 on the 4th April, 1910.
15 0 0 on the 9th May, 1910.
15 0 0 on the 9th June, 1910.
22 10 0 on the 18th July, 1910.

£87 10 0

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum on any Monday or Thursday after the scrip has been issued.

Interest will commence from the 1st February, 1910.

Allotments will be made as far as the Bond subscription will permit. In case the allotment should not require the whole deposit, the surplus will be returned; and if the deposit be insufficient for the first instalment on the amount allotted, the balance required must be paid forthwith. In case of no allotment being made, the deposit of the applicant will be returned.

The failure to pay any of the instalments will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The Bonds will be issued to Bearer in sums of £100, £500, and £1,000 each, bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum, with coupons payable half-yearly on the 1st February and 1st August in London in pounds sterling, and in Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Brussels at the exchange of the day, the first half-yearly coupon being due on the 1st August, 1910.

The redemption of the Loan will be effected by an accumulative Sinking Fund of ½ per cent. per annum, commencing in 1911, to be applied by purchase of Bonds when the price is under par, and when at or above par by drawings by lot.

Forms of application under both conditions are provided herewith, and it is expressly stipulated that any applicant having elected to pay, either in cash or in Bonds, cannot alter his engagement.

NEW COURT, 7th February, 1910.

No.....

APPLICATION FOR CONVERSION OF BRAZILIAN 5 PER CENT. BONDS.

TO MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS.

GENTLEMEN,

.....request that you will convert for.....

£.....Nominal Capital of the Western of Minas

Railroad 5 per cent. Loan of 1893.

£.....Nominal Capital of the Brazilian 5 per

cent. Loan of 1907.

Total £.....into Brazilian 4 per cent Bonds on

which I enclose the required deposit.

viz.: £.....in Cash, } and.....agree to deliver to you

£.....OR.....in Bonds, }

in exchange for the allotment of 4 per cent. Bonds, the necessary

5 per cent. Bonds according to the conditions of your Prospectus of

the 7th February, 1910.

.....remain, GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

Name at length.....

Address.....

February, 1910.

I request you to allot me as many additional 4 per cent. Bonds as the amount of the cash difference due to me on the above application will permit.

No.....

FORM OF APPLICATION. (Cash Subscription.)

UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL GOVERNMENT 4 PER CENT. CONVERSION LOAN OF 1910.

TO MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS.
GENTLEMEN,

.....request that you will allot to £.....

say.....nominal Capital of the above Stock, on which.....enclose the required deposit of five per cent., or £.....and.....agree to accept that amount or any less sum that may be allotted to.....and to pay the balance of such allotment according to the conditions of your Prospectus of the 7th February, 1910.

.....remain, GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

Name (at length).....

Address.....

February, 1910.

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